

THE
SURPRISAL,
A
COMEDY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

IMPRIMATUR,

March 7.
1664.

Roger L'Estrange.



LONDON,

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sold at his Shop at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower
Walk of the New-Exchange. 1665.

Dramatis Personæ.

Castruccio, Uncle to Miranzo.
Miranzo.

Cialto, Friend to Miranzo the late General.

Brancadoro, A rich Senators Son.

Villerotto, A bold Fellow cashier'd by Cialto, and goes
into Brancadoro's Service.

Moreno, Father to Emilia.

Battolo, His Servant. Two or three Bravoes.

Baptista, Servant to Miranzo. A Friar.

Women.

Samira, Sister to Miranzo.

Emilia.

Taccola, Her Governess. A Nun.

Scene SIENNA.

PROLOGUE.

Since you expect a Prologue, we submit :
But let me tell you, this Excise on Wit,
Though undiscern'd, consumes the Stock so fast,
That no new Phancy will be left at last.
Wit's not like Money ; Money though paid in
Passes about, and is receiv'd again :
But Wit when it has once been paid before,
There it lies dead, 'tis current then no more.
Nor must we plead for what we do present,
As in Law-Cases, by a President :
Poets and Mountebanks in this strange Age
Practise with equal hope upon the Stage ;
For 'tis expected they should both apply
To every Humour some new Remedy :
And one's as likely every man to please,
As t'other to cure every mans Disease.
----But you are welcom all ; and what men say
Before a Feast, will serve before a Play :
Here's nothing you can like : Thus he that writes
Or makes a Feast, more certainly invites
His Judges than his Friends ; there's not a Guest
But will find something wanting or ill-drest.
The Proverb but thus varied serves I fear ;
Fools make the Plays, and Wise-men come to hear.

and got

does.



THE SURPRISAL.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Miranzo and Samira.

Mir. Is strange, Sister.



Sam. 'Tis true, Brother.

Mir. Perhaps it is; but few such
have been heard of.

Sam. Nor ever such a wonder can

Mir. There needs indeed a powerful Charm
To raise up Spirits fettered long in Age.
(They say that) Love is the Souls business here,
When Youth seems to promise
It shall have a long share in Time; but his
Is fitted for its journey; Age already
Hath pack'd up all his Faculties.

Sam. Fie, fie, 'tis otherwise with him; he endeavours
Nay and (I think) believes he shall grow young again:
The warmth of Love serves for the heat of Youth.

Mir. Where (in the name of wonder) could this Love
Find entrance in his breast? of how live
It has no blood to feed on; Nature here
Is at low ebbe.

Sam. There needs small fuel (Brother) to kindle her in
She, like the Sun, warms all things with her light,
Yet is not wasted with expence of heat.

Mir. You speak a miracle, Sister.

Sam. ----- You seem troubled, Brother.

Mir. Not much---but---I did believe,

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The Surprisal.

When my dear Father left us to his care,
He did not apprehend my Uncle apt
For such a folly; and I little thought
To have been first saluted with this News
At my return from Travel.

Sam. My Uncle still pretends
To remain just to us; and I believe he will.

Mir. It may be so:
But when is this hot Lover to be Married?

Sam. To morrow morning.

Mir. But what mov'd her consent
To take this Mummy in her Arms?

Sam. She's all obedience to her Father, and
With him my Uncles wealth pleads high.
I do believe she thinks choice were a sin,
And would seem guilty to her self,
As if she fell from perfect Innocence,
If that a partial thought for any
Should make a way for passion in her breast.

Mir. Then it seems her Father wooes;
I hope my Uncle spares his pains.
Sister, since we are in dicourse of Lovers,
Tis not unseasonable to ask for yours,
The brave *Cialto*; the last Intelligence I had
Of his glorious Victory; such a Lawrel
Were yet adorn'd a Brow so youthful.
Believe me, Sister, though you may be cruel,
Unconcern'd, I must confess I share
In that's his good fortune.

Sam. Alas, Brother, since that time
His condition is much alter'd.

Mir. Ha-----you amaze me:-----Why do you appear
So sad? He is not dead I hope.

Sam. No, perhaps his life
Is now the greatest part of his misfortune.

Mir. Still I am lost in admiration. What
Changes a little time produceth?

Sam. The Story is too long to tell you; only for what
Concerns my self, I have observ'd,
That since the loss of all his Fortunes, he
Shuns all occasions of seeing me.

-----My Uncle will be with us presently;
I would not therefore engage my self in a disorder,
Which the relation of his miseries
Cannot but bring upon me.

Where is my Uncle?

Abroad upon a strange design.

employ'd the best Wits in *Stennis*

The Surprizal.

To make a Song, or indeed an Appology,
For his doting at these years ;
And that which he likes best when
He salutes his Mistrefs, must to
Morrow be presented before her Window.

Mir. I am amaz'd ; yet I'll suspend my thoughts,
And trouble (if I can) till fitter time.

Sam. See, Brother, where he comes ; [Enter Casturuccio.
Buis'ness and Love are mingled in his postures.

Mir. How he mumbles to himself !
Sure he does chew the cud of some set Speech.
What an amorous look was there?---with that amiable smile?--
Which only adds a few wrinkles in new places.

Sam. Pray lets stand close ;
He's neer beginning ; a rising wind
You know is ever usher'd with a murmur.

Cast. How am I swell'd by expectation !
As the day breaks before the rising Sun,
So is *Emilia's* fair approach prepar'd
Within me, by a precious sense of happiness.

[He studies and searches his pockets for Papers.

Sam. Peace ; he has hit a fault, and now begins
To hunt again.

Cast. O, these be they ; now to my choice ;
For I resolve to morrow fore the Wedding
One of them shall be sung, that which I judg
Will best describe my Passion.

-----Let me see,-----

Couldst thou be yet more fair or good,
This Fool begins with impossibilities,
I'll have none on't :-----What this other ?

Since phansie makes all Women fair,-----

Worse and worse, he lies abominably :

What ways are our Poets got into,
They cannot make a Song without a lie,
A vapour, or impossibility ?

There's none of these has hit my phansie yet :

Once again.-----Oh, this I like well ;

A very pretty Masque, short, and full of variety ;

The Charges wont to be great,-----let me see,-----

Here is a *Hymen*, a *Cupid*, a *Charon*, and the *Destinies* :

For the *Hymen* a saffron Robe and a Torch,-----

Hang cost at such a time ; it shall be presented

Instead of a Song before her Window,

When I first appear ; 'tis better

Than after the Wedding at night, when every body's sleepy.

Now I'll go see my Nephew,

And bid him welcome from his Travels.

[He reads.

Sam. Step out, Brother, there's your Cue.

Mir. Can these Lovers see, trow?

Cast. My dear Nephew!-----

Were thy brave Father living,
Thou couldst not fill his Arms and Breast
With a more welcome joy; I'll be sworn thou art return'd
With all advantages in Fame and Person.

Mir. Your kindness, Sir, sees more in me than your eyes.

Cast. Nay, believe me, Nephew, I joy in't;
And that I could not do, were it not visible
What cause I have for't.

Mir. I wish I may continue, Sir,
Worthy your fair opinion.

Cast. And how, man? merry still?

Mir. I take nothing to heart, Sir; It seems you do;
For my Sister tells me, I am come seasonably
To see your Joys made perfect every way,
At least as you imagine.

Cast. Oh, Nephew, 'tis past Imagination.
Nephew, thou canst not phancy what she is;
In Woman-kind no president is found
To shew thee her: But you it seems
Do apprehend that all my future Actions
Will shew me more her Husband than your Uncle.

Mir. You mistake me, Sir;
Neither my Nature nor my Fortunes yet
Are prest with such mean thoughts; what I have said
Was more my care for you than for my self;
I would not have your last days
Shut up with Folly or Misfortune.

Cast. Fear not, fear not; I must be happy;
It is an injury to her to doubt it.

Mir. He is unreasonably possess'd.

[*Aside.*

Cast. But I forget-----My dearest Niece,
You shall perceive that neither my concerns
Nor passion hinder my just care of thee,
My best *Samira*.

I have provided such a Fortune for you;
Nay, start not at it.-----

[*Samira Starts.*

'Tis the rich Heir young *Brancadoro*;
This day he comes to visit thee,
We'll quickly make it up.-----
Come, good Nephew, I have much to do;
Within I'll tell thee all my mind.

Sam. How----

Mir. Peace, Sister. [Ex. *Castruccio and Miranzo.*

Sam. Marry *Brancadoro*! Is that the happiness
I hope, I may depend? I shall enjoy

With

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With him the Curses of his ill-got Wealth;
And rise upon the poor *Cialto's* ruines.
Oh what a Crime was my feign'd cruelty!
Methinks I am as guilty
As this thriving Asses Father,
And seem an accessory to all *Cialto's* wrongs,
Because I did not openly declare
My Passion for him; that would have rendred me
Uncapable of being now a Party:
It is too much,
That poor *Cialto* at one time should find
Both me and Fortune equally unkind.

[Exit.]

Enter Brancadoro and Tayler.

Tay. Morrow to your Honour; how do you like your Clothes?

Bran. I like my Clothes well enough, but my man *Jocamo* says
You are such a dear cheating kind of Tayler, that I vow
He'll have me turn you away; my last Mourning Suit did
Not cost me half so much.

Tayl. Your Man is a pick-thank Knave.
Call me Cheat! I'll ne're work stich
For ye more as long as I live,
Unless you pay me for calling me Cheat.

Bran. Nay, stay, stay;
What a devilish Fellow are you now to exact upon me,
Because you see I love you? The Divil take you for me;
What Composition must you have?

Tayl. I'll have forty shillings, and I'll have it in Gold too.

Bran. Pox take you for me; will not Silver serve your turn,
When you know I love Gold so well?
Pray ye heartily now *Jack* take Silver.

Tayl. I vow Gold, or fare you well.

Bran. Stay, and be hang'd then; here, here; now are you
Good Friends *Jack*? nay, I vow now speak truth.

Tayl. Yes, I vow I forgive you.

Enter Man.

Bran. Look ye here's my Man. What a devilish Rogue are you
To rail at my Taylor *Robin*, and say he cheats me?

Serv. Pray Sir view his Bill; in the first place
Here is fifteen Shillings a yard for Stuff of half a Crown.

Bran. Why look ye there now *Jack*; what a strange Rogue
Are you now to cheat me so?

Tayl. What a strange piece of Ignorance is your Man, to call
it Stuff? I protest my Lord 'tis o'th' same piece that the King of
France his Wedding Suit was on; the Stuff is call'd *Adam man*
hee;

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bee ; King *Haccamantacu* sent the King of *France* three pie
of it ; and I bought this of his Tayler a purpose for you ; a
your wife Man calls it Stuff, forsooth.

Bran. Look you there now, you blockheadly Fool you ;
What would you more ? prethee how do ye call the Stuff,
And the King that sent it, *Jack*.

Tayl. The Stuff is call'd *Adam man bee*,
And the Kings name is *Haccamantacu*.

Serv. What a Mountebank Rogue is this ?

Bran. I vow that's fair satisfaction ;
I wou'd not for my Money but know this ;
I vow, I vow, 'tis very pretty.

Serv. Pray ye ask him why he sets down forty Shillings
For making a riding Coat.

Bran. Nay, but I vow, *Jack*, the Devil take ye
For me, for being so base ; why forty shillings now ?

Tayl. There is ten Shillings for making your Coat,
And thirty shill. for a Port-hole for your Sword to peep out a

Bran. Why, is not that very fair now ?
Why, art thou grown a stark Fool now ?
Prethee, *Jack*, what is a Port hole ?
I vow thou hast the prettiest Names.

Tayl. A Port hole is, as the vulgar have it, a kind of Slit ; but
France it is call'd Port-hole, and is made with a whife down
Here, and a whife down there ; they are very chargable.

Bran. I vow, thou art a pretty Fellow :
But has the King of *France* his Port-hole made
With a whife down here, and a whife down there, as mine is
But here's *Villerotto* ; I vow I must talk [Enter *Villerotto*
A little wiser to him. [Ex. *Tayler and Servant*

How dost thou like my Clothes, *Villerotto* ; are they not brave
Fit for my quality ?

Vil. Exceeding brave, Sir.

Bran. I long'd to be out of Mourning, to shew my self ;
For whilst my Father liv'd I never could appear.

Vil. No, he was asham'd you shou'd. [Aside

Bran. Besides, I hate this Mourning, it makes my hands so
Devilish dirty ; and I will not wash them till my Mother die
And when I have done mourning for her, I'll wash them
For good and all.-----

Well, and what says my Council ?

Vil. Why, they say, Sir, by these Writings
Cialto has no justice to redeem,
Nor can it bear dispute in any Court of Equity.

Bran. Why, this 'tis to have a wise Father ;
As he has order'd it, 'tis not a farthing matter
If I were an arrant Ass.

Thou saist, my Council says,

There

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ree piece
you; and
There's no relief can now be had.

Vill. None, Sir,---but by the Senate.

you;
Stuff,
Bran. That were fine y'faith,
To save him they had a mind to ruine,
Which my Father help'd to do (peace be with him)
And dy'd when he had done; two Courtesies at once.

Vill. But suppose, Sir, the Senate wants his Conduct,
They can be kind again on such occasions.

Only the obeying part of men
Observe the rules of Honour in their Friendship.

ings
They can as quickly too produce the Sum,
And compel you to give him up his Land.

Bran. But they won't, I hope.

Vill. So do I; but how if such a thing shou'd be?

Bran. Pish, pish, they'l not displease me,
They use to borrow money of my Father;
Yet for all that, it puts me just in such a sudden sweat
As the stumbling of my Horse uses to do.

Vill. I shall hardly work him to't,---

[*Aside.*

But, Sir, 'tis not amiss to talk of things
That may be; Plots of prevention are not made

t; but in
down
le.
Extempore; nor is haste a Friend to Counsel:

Besides, I take it,

You go the ready way to make *Gialto*

Yet more your Enemy.

Bran. How so?

mine is?
llerotto.
Vill. You are about to rob him of his Mistress,
The fair *Samira*; what kindness can you expect,
When you possess at once his Love and Fortunes?

Servant.
ot brave,

Enter Messenger.

Bran. What care I.-----How now?-----what's your business?

elf;
[*Aside.*
nds so
er dies;
n
Mess. Signior *Castruccio*, Sir, presents his Service to you,
And has by me sent you a Counter-part
Of the Writings which concern your Marriage.

Bran. Oh, I thank him; 'tis very well.

Vill. How's this? it seems strange to me,
You should agree with him, and never ask
The Ladies free consent.

Bran. Why, dost thou think I need doubt that?
Would any Woman be so simple to refuse me?
Why Man, there have been many of them have faln
Stark mad for me at first sight.

Vill. Will it not be dangerous for you to go?

Bran. Whither?

Vill. To visit your Mistress? you may meet *Cielio* there.

There's
Bran. Let him be afraid of me if he will.

Vill.

Vill. I doubt he will not.

Br. I am told the pittiful fellow dares not come neer her
This 'tis to be poor : And I go boldly ;
This 'tis to be rich.

Vill. But if he should hear you were like to have her,
It might perhaps move him-----

Bran. To what ?

Vill. To cut your Throat.

Bran. Let him be hang'd : But if Signior *Castruccio*
Admit such Ruffians in his House, I'll send her word
Flatly, I'll have nothing to do with her.

Vill. But your Writings and Covenants,----
You can't in honour break them.

Bran. I care not ; who dares sue me ? If any do,
I am rich enough to make them weary on't ;
Though I confess I like the Gentlewoman well enogh.

Vill. Yet there's another way would do your business.

Bran. Saist thou so ? nay, and there be another way,
I care not if I take it, so I may do nothing
Unbefitting my Estate and Quality.

Vil. You'll pardon, Sir, this liberty I take ;
It springs from my affection to you ;
For ever since I came into your Service
All your concernments have been mine.

Bran. I do believe it, and have trusted thee
With every thing ; and for my part, I have told
Thee my mind, I care for any body
As little as they care for me ;
Thou may'st see I love thee,
Otherwise I regard no body that is not richer then my self.

Vill. What an insensible stock have I to work on ? [A]
But you forget what I propose, Sir.

Bran. No, I do not ; 'tis that I should have *Samira* ;
Why say no more, I will have her.

Vill. You consider not the danger of *Cialto's* revenge.

Bran. I care not for *Cialto*, nor her neither ;
I can let her alone, if there be such adoe about her.

Vill. But you may prevent it.

Bran. How, prethee ?

Vill. Why, if *Cialto* were once dead,
There were no further trouble ;
You might enjoy his Mistress, and his Fortune.

Bran. Wou'd he wou'd die then.

Vill. Men do not use to do it for a wish.

Bran. Why, how then ?

Vill. Wou'd you hang your self if *Cialto* shou'd desire it ?

Bran. It may be I would, if I were as poor as he ;
For this is the case,----say now----

The Conjuror

Vill. Now will he ramble again into another matter.----

[*Aside.*]

But, Sir, he does not think himself so poor
As you imagine, while he lives in hope
That what you now possess of his may once
Again return; yet if he be unwilling
To depart this World, he may be forc'd.

Bran. Which way, which way?

Vill. Why, for a little money Instruments
May be found.

Bran. To do what?

Vill. To kill him.

Bran. Um, that may be found out,
And so good-night to my Estate.

Vill. Nay, if you please, Sir, he shall live, and do you
The Curtesie to cut your Throat.

Bran. Talk no more, good *Villerotto*; another time,
Another time, and that in private too.
I hope no body has heard us; men may hear
At a distance: I have heard of a Conjuror
That could make a Glass for a man to look in,
And hear his Enemies fourty miles off.

Vill. Do you believe such stories?

Bran. The Devil may do much, that's certain:
But for the present I am going to see my Mistress,
Fair *Samira*; 'tis fit I should see her
Before I Marry her.

Vill. 'Twere strange if he should Marry her
Before he saw her.-----

[*Aside.*]

Why, are you neer marrying her?

Bran. To morrow, man, to morrow; her Uncle and I
Make but one business on't.

Vill. To morrow Sir, and her leave yet unask'd!

Bran. What needs that? her Uncle has done it for me.
Thou hast the Agreements; I must away.

[*Exit Brancadoro.*]

Vill. This suits with my Designs:—

And yet it startles me,

To have so dull a Fooll to work on:

But easie paths do feldome lead us to revenge;

Let them be rough, as are the ways

Through troubled Seas, I'll tread 'um.

The base injury I receiv'd from *Cialto*,

Cashiering me from my Command for a petty plunder,

And a Rape (as the Wench call'd it) was the first cause

That brought me to *Brancadoro's* Service,

Whose Father was his mortal Enemy;

C

By

Vill.

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By which means I hope to find a time
To right my wrongs upon *Cialto's* heart.

[*Exit Villerotto.*]

Enter Moreno, Emilia, and Bottolo.

Mor. Come, my best Daughter, this day thou shalt
Be made a happy Woman ; fear not, fear not,
Nor look upon his age with prejudice ;
Age is far steadier than Youth, *Emilia* ;
He'll never make thee jealous.

Bot. No more than an Eunuch wou'd, I dare swear for him.
[*Aside.*]

Emil. You speak, Sir, as if you thought me alter'd,
Or else as if I still had been an Hypocrite ;
But truly, Sir, you need not doubt me,
I do believe I shall be happy with him,
Because a blessing waits upon Obedience :
You might command me 'gainst my Inclination,
But I am bless'd with such indifference,
That 'tis no trial of my Duty, Sir,
To give my free consent.

Mor. That's my best Girl ; get thy self ready,
The Bride-groom's neer at hand ; I must about,
There's nothing done if I be not at their elbows.

[*Exit Moreno.*]

Bot. The Devil had as good be there.
Why, how is it, Mistress ?

Emil. Very well, *Bottolo*, I thank you.

Bot. I wish it may continue so, Mistress.

Emil. Dost thou fear I shall be sick ?

Bot. Nay, I can't tell ; it may be the Palsey
Or Cough o'th' Lungs is not infectious ;
You are going to venture, Mistress.

Emil. What dost thou talk of ?

Bot. Why, of that which is nothing else
But talk, of Old Age ;
Sure, Mistress, it will never agree with you ;
Has not your Father perswaded you
Y'are above Fifty ? And that you were born
Before the Battle of *Lepanto* ?

Emil. Why should he do that ?

Bot. Why, 'twere convenient he should
Either perswade you that you were old, or
That *Castruccio* were young.

Emil. Away, you Fool.

Bot.

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Bot. Well, Mistress, hang me if ever frosty day
Did well at Frint-time; for my part, I wonder
The old Gentleman has no more Conscience
Than to marry you.-----

If I were worthy to advise you, Mistress,-----

Emil. Peace, you Fool, and be not rude.

[*Exit Emilia.*

Bot. Go thy way.----I am half perswaded
Thou art no Woman, or at least
Thou dost not know thou art one,
More then by thy Petticoats.-----Well,-----
If thou art pleas'd, thanks to the Powers Divine;
For my own Cares I'll try the power of Wine.

[*Exit.*

A C T U S S E C U N D U S,

Scena Prima.

Enter Miranzo and Cialto.

Mir. I Should not thank you for this Visit then.-----
Fie, my dearest Friend.

Cialto. Forget that name, and me; I try'd
To begin first no more to think on you;
But I was womanish in my temper;
My fondness of you had a power above
My generous Reason.

Mir. Is there a generous cause for breach of Friendship?

Cial. It were a guilt to say I am your Friend:
Wonder not; for I'm grown so miserable
That Friendship would be paid to me
As unseasonably as to Men in graves,
Where dissolution wraps up every Title,
And buries Names with Things.

Mir. What storm tosses his noble Soul!
Why does my Friend thus wrong himself and me?
I did not think the brave *Cialto's* Mind
Had been so much within the reach of Fortune;
Use her as thou wouldst a phantastical Woman,
If thou would have her kind, slight her.

[*Aside.*

C 2

Cial.

Cial. Pray say no more; you understand me not;
Nay, spare your Lectures; after this I fear
That we must meet no more.----Farewel.

[*Cialto offers to go*

Mir. You are too quick; think with your self;
Sure you may be perswaded, e're you go,
To see my Sister.

Cial. Ha!----that was too severe; departing Souls
Are sometimes thus call'd back with cruel kindness,
To share more miseres on Earth.----
Did you not name your Sister?

Mir. How he's mov'd!----
Yes, I did; my Sister *Samira*.

Cial. You might have spar'd the Explanation;
I have her Name engrav'd in several Characters,
By Love and Fortune.----Why do you stare upon me so,
As if you were amaz'd at my disorders,
That are not ignorant of my disasters,
Nor of my Passions? What do you think?
Is't not a pretty mingle?

[*Enter Samira*

Mir. See, my Sister.

Cial. How, *Samira*!----'tis she,----
With what an horror now that lovely Shape
Appears, that I have so much joy'd to gaze on!
Such a confusion would an Angel bring
Upon a Man loaden with Sins,
As I am with Misfortunes.-----
I am so much amaz'd I cannot find my way!

[*He offers to go*

Sam. Cialto.

Mir. Stay; what means this strangeness?
Come, 'tis too much forc'd.

Cial. Cruel *Miranzo*, cruel in your kindness,
That only holds so fair a Mirror to me,
To let me see how much I am unhappy.

Mir. You are mistaken, and throw a blemish on her;
She is the same she ever was.

Cial. Why, that was Cruel still to me.
I complain'd not, fairest *Samira*,
That you were so, when I was Fortunes Favorite;
And sure I will not hope for pity,
Now I am turn'd her Slave.

Sam. As my thoughts were never mov'd
With Arguments drawn from Prosperity; so believe,
I shall have no aversion for the Virtuous,
Although Unfortunate.

Cial. Oh, do not with mistaken Charity
Attempt to palliate my Disease;
'Tis Fortunes Plague, that's never to be cur'd;

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I shall infect those I come neer,----and yet----
I love you still----above----all----
I have such Tides of Passions when I but name you,
Much more now I see you, that my words
Are over-flown, and like drown'd men
Disorderly pop up, and sink agen.
Distempers seize me,----I talk wildly too, I fear.

Sam. I understand you not; pray recollect
Your self, speak freely to me.

[She weeps.

Cial. Why do you both express such wonder in your looks?
Is misery so strange?

[He sinks down.

[Aside] *Mir.* Why, Sister, you are still insensible;
If you ever lov'd *Cialto*, tell him now;
And be not like the rest of the mean World,
To own nothing that is unhappy.

Sam. If I say little, Brother, I give you leave
To think my grief stops more my words,
Than want of kindness for *Cialto*:
Yet to content you, hear me---

[He starts up.

Cial. Hold——
Your pity, if y'ave any, comes too late;
Those gentle Tears that once had been my Blessing
Do now but aggravate and haste my destiny.
Just so the drops of Heaven, which first caus'd
The thriving Plant to spring and flourish,
When by some rough and fatal accident
Its shaken roots have lost their hold,
Then the soft rain no longer gives it life,
But makes it perish faster.

Sam. Oh my heart! The throng of all his griefs
Has crowded in my Breast, and I must speak
Or burst.——*Cialto.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Mir. What's the matter?

Serv. Your Uncle, Sir, is coming hither,
And with him Signior *Brancadoro*.

Mir. Signior Coxcomb.——Mischief on his unseasonable Visit.
Has not my Uncle press'd you, Sister,
To morrow when he Weds, to Marry with
This Fool *Brancadoro*?

Sam. Most earnestly, even to threatening me,

Mir. He may be injurious.——

[studies.

Cial. How! would the Fool purchase my Love,
As his damnd griping Father did my Fortune?
I have not mortgag'd sure my Wishes to him:
If I am urg'd this way I shall grow weary

Of

Of politick patience, nor with tired hopes
Wait longer the false Senates leisure.

—Still ador'd *Samira*, am I not too confident,
That in all my miseries, when I do not nourish the least hope
Of e're enjoying you my self,
I should now seem jealous of you.

Sam. Have I shew'd my self so easie, that you need fear
I will be sacrific'd unto a Fool?

Mir. Peace, they come; be temperate, *Cialto*.

Enter Castruccio, and Brancadoro.

Cast. Come, Nephew, (for so I dare venture to call you.)

Mir. Heaven send us joy of our wise Kindred: [Aside]

Bran. Ha, upon my conscience that's *Cialto*;
I know him by his fierce looks; 'tis he, I vow:
I am like to have a fine wooing on't.
Wou'd I were hid under a Bed,
Or behind the Hangings, I wou'd breath
No more than a Mouse that sleeps all the Winter.
Why, wh, what a terrible look was there!
D' hear, Uncle? I protest I left one of my Gloves
Behind me in the Window, and I'me afraid
It will be stoln.

Cast. Why, you have them both on.

Bran. I had forgot, like an Ass as I was, to hide one. [Aside]

Cast. Come, come on.

Bran. Nay, as I am an honest Man,
There's my Almanack with Notes and *Memorandums* in't,
I'll go back and come presently.

Cast. Fie, Nephew, my Niece sees you.

Bran. You can't tell how she likes me, can you, Uncle?

Cast. O, fear not that.

Bran. Never stir, Uncle, I have mighty need —
— I must needs do you know what.

He looks vengeance surley: [Aside]

He makes me wink as bad as a flash of Lightning wou'd.

Cast. Come, Nephew, what are you bashful?

Niece, this is the Person I told you of,
That to morrow will make you an happy woman,
And be an evidence of my care and kindness.

Sam. I need no such testimony, Sir.

Bran. What does she say, Uncle, that she has no need of me?
Why then I have no need of her;
I'll be beholden to no body living.

Cast. No, no, you are too mistrustful.
Come, Niece, prepare against to morrow,
To be made Mistress of the greatest Fortune

THE SURPRISE

Sienna boasts of.

Bran. I think I can tell some few particulars without book,
Of some small Lordships that serve my turn
To cover this poor out-side, and some slight
Equipage of Servants and Attendants.——
Now dare not I proceed to particulars, for fear
I should come to name that wild-looking Mans Estate,
Which shou'd make up the Catalogue.
I'll tell you a pretty Jest, Mistress;
A Friend of mine would have had me married
A Kinswoman of his,——and——

Sam. I wou'd you had, Sir.

Bran. Why, how shou'd I have had you then?

Sam. I must have been content, Sir.

Bran. Nay, I thank you for that; so I might have forfeited
My Covenants to your Uncle; I may be sued
If I don't marry you to morrow.

Cial. How's this!

[*Aside.*

Mir. Peace, does this Coxcomb move you?

Cast. 'Tis as he tells you, Niece.

Sam. I wonder, Sir, you should dispose of me so absolutely,
Without allowing me some larger time.

Cast. You had need consider indeed for such a Fortune.

Sam. Is there nothing but Fortune to be thought on?

[*Aside.* Consent springs not alone from Wealth:

Marriage you know admits no separation;

And if Affections shou'd not be united,

The Persons must be miserable.

Cast. Hey day, no more of this Love-Logick:

What, you would have it a Romance,

And after some long time, and strange Adventures,

Discover pity for your Knight Errant.

Remember, your Father left you to my care;

If you marry not *Brancadoro* to morrow

I'll throw you out of it.

Sam. 'Tis strange, Sir, that you shou'd press me thus,
So suddenly to dispose my self for ever.

What say you, Sir? I hope you are so civil [To *Brancadoro*.
As not to urge it.

Bran. Why, I say, A bargain's a bargain.

Cial. This is monstrous! I can hold no longer.

[*Aside.*

Mir. Consider, you may do hurt.

Cial. I care not.——Signior *Castruccio*,
I think it does not much become you
To force your Niece to any thing;
Her Father ne're believ'd that you would use
The Trust which he repos'd in you, to such an end.

Bran. Nay, for my part, if she be'nt as willing as I,

A fig for her, and you too.

— I am horribly afraid.

Mir. How the *Afs* shakes and bristles both together. [Aside]

Cast. Signior *Cialto*, I wonder more that you
Shou'd give your unask'd Counsel, to disturb
The Advancement of my Niece and Family.

Cial. He can make large Jointures indeed,
Thanks to his Fathers base and griping practises.

Cast. You are uncivil in my House.

Cial. You are old, and *Samira's* Uncle;
These are Protections; you may say any thing:
But I would not advise this wealthy Coxcomb,
For all your Articles, to venture upon Marriage;
'Twill be dangerous, Signior *Brancadoro*.

Cast. Pray leave my House, Sir; I desire no such
Rude Company.

Sam. Pray Sir go; this does no good.

Mir. Come, you are to blame; you may do injury.

Cial. Pardon me, fair *Samira*, I am gone;
My Prayers were heard, could but your happiness
Be divided from all Mankind, though I am one. [Exit *Cialto*]

Bran. He's gone; ---- wou'd I might never live
If I han't a great mind to bolt the door after him.
Now perhaps I shall venture to say something,
If I knew what. ---- He won't pop back trow, will he?

Cast. Come Niece, you will hereafter thank me for
This happiness; I know you will command
Him and his whole Estate.

Bran. Nay, she may do what she will in reason;
But if I'm urg'd I am as stout and surly
As the stoutest of 'um, let it be Man or Woman.
This Gentleman thought to bluster me
Out of my Bargain; but I think he was deceiv'd;
He had best let me alone.

Mir. Seem to comply, dear Sister; I'll tell you why hereafter [Aside]

Sam. I hope, Sir, you will allow me a few hours
To think, perhaps to perswade my self
To an obedience which you press so much.

Cast. Do, my good Niece; for to morrow
I must needs have your company:
Speak for your self, Nephew.

Bran. I can't tell what to say, for fear
This blust'ring fellow shou'd peep in again:
Yet I'll set a good face on't.
Did you know my Father, Mistress?
Who's that at dore? [Aside]

Sam. I have seen him, Sir.

Bran.

The Surprisal.

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Bran. I doubt he listens;----well, I care not,
I am resolv'd *Villerotto* shall get his Throat cut,
That he shall.---- And now I will speak boldly.
Why, Mistress, he would have been your Father-in-law,
Had he liv'd to't, I had help'd you to a wise Father,
I can tell you that.

Mir. Wou'd he had had a wiser Son.

Bran. As for my Mothers part----

Mir. She brought forth an Afs.

Bran. I'll speak a bold word,
Though I say it, that shou'd not say it,----

Sam. You promis'd, Sir, to leave me to my thoughts
For a few hours.

Cast. Well Virgins will be modest; Come, Nephew,
We'll leave her to her self to day; to morrow
She shall be yours, or mine no more.
Your Brother, I hope, is more sensible then you
Of your own good; you know my mind; Farewel,---
Be wise.

Bran. Your Uncle gives you good Counsel, Mistress;
Farewel till to morrow; In the mean time
I'll go find *Villerotto*;
I dare not for my ears venture to marry,
Unless he makes safe this furious *Cialto*,
Then I shall keep all quietly,
Or else I may perhaps be invited to an honourable Duel,
Which how I can endure----

Cast. Farewel Niece, and prepare to make
Your self and me truly happy.

[*Exeunt Castruccio and Brancadoro.*]

Sam. Now, Brother, to what purpose
Did you advise me to seem willing?

Mir. I have some thoughts which only want of time
Yet hinders me to ripen; I like not
My Uncle's picking Quarrels thus, all's in his power,
He may do mischief; therefore seem to consent;
Yet fear not, though the Wedding is so near,
At the last minuit I know a way to free thee;
Within I'll tell thee my design:
This Mushrome never shall be yolk'd to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Brancadoro and Villerotto; They whisper.

Vill. Now Sir, do you yet believe it is a consequence,
That you must not expect to live, if proud *Cialto* does?
Or wou'd you have the Parish Priest to make you friends,

D

And

And all the Neighbourhood invited to the reconciling dinner?

Bran. Why thou seest I look'd thee out for the nonce
To know if thou canst have him quickly dispatch'd;
Why man, I cannot marry else.

Vill. Well, be secure, reckon that insolent Enemy
To your Repose and Fortunes, in his Grave:

[Enter Montalto and his Companions.]

----But see, Sir----yonder are an odd parcel of men,
I think I have seen the face of one of them before;
If I mistake not, they are a sort of People
Fitted by their own wants for my designs.
Retire, Sir, and leave me to sound them.

[As he goes out he returns and speaks.]

Bran. But be sure, man, be sure, I say:
If thou should'st miss, and *Cialto* find me married,----
Um----I might give my life for a farthing. [Exit Brancadoro.]

Vill. Fear not, fear not. Save you, Gentlemen.

Mont. And you, Sir.

Vill. You seem Persons that have not been
So kindly us'd by Fortune as your merits
Might justly challenge; your carriage speaks you
To have been men of Action.

Mont. We have seen danger, Sir, and have not shrunk;
When those that live at ease have shook to hear
The Story told.

Vill. 'Tis pity, at least to our frail Reason it so appears,
That neither Virtue nor Courage shou'd be safe
From mixtures of Necessity.

Mont. We are us'd as our Swords are;
When the danger's past, hung by.

Vill. And yet if such as you, whose haughty minds
Brook not the sight of other mens Enjoyments,
Or think it barbarous injustice to starve
Amidst that Plenty which your Swords
Secur'd or purchas'd; if such men as you
But snatch at some small share,
You wou'd be punish'd certainly.

Mont. We have found that.

Vill. Nay, the Clergy wou'd declare your Souls
In dangerous condition.

Mont. Yes, damn'd, without dispute.

Vill. Come we are betray'd and fool'd;
Those that have power over us
Confirm themselves by Cruelty and Cheating;
One they call Justice, th' other Pollicy.
Mean while the poor must starve, or else be whip'd;
The Souldier out of War want, or be hang'd;
Nature's relieving Laws are lost in theirs;

And

And

The Surprisal.

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And she whispers unto man his own advantage ;
If he be guilty then in that pursuance,
The fault still rests in those that urg'd the Act ;
The rich and powerful part of Men
Are answerable for those deeds
To which they force the poor and the necessitous.

2 Com. Oh admirable Reason !

Mont. 'Tis most profound, and never to be answer'd.

Vill. Are you convinc'd then ?

Mo. 1 C. & 2 C. Yes, yes, yes.

Vill. Then I may tell you, I have a business for you,
If you dare attempt it, in which there will not be
Much danger, but great profit.

Mont. Pish, Danger's our Companion ;
Name the thing, Sir.

Vill. Follow me then to a more private place,
Where you shall know your task ; my own Sword
Shall share a little with you, far as I dare ;
I may, for ought I know, keep with the boldest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Cialto solus.

Cial. No news yet, and the dangerous time so neer !
And she for ever may be lost to me,
And forc'd into a Fool's Embraces !
For though she never can be mine, I cannot
Suffer she shou'd be anothers.
----I hardly can be jealous of *Miranzo* ;
Yet Friendship it self is not security enough
To give him credit for *Samira* ; I dare not trust
That Treasure thus uncertainly ; I must prevent
The quickest way ; Friendship and Fate
Have their slow pace ; but Passions will not wait.

[*He offers to go out.*]

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Whither so fast ? hey day, which is now
Predominant, Love or Fortune ? One of 'um
Is ever vexing thee.

Cial. 'Tis well you can continue merry.

Mir. Come, what's the matter ?

Cial. Nothing.

Mir. That's unkind.

Cial. Pray urge me not.

Mir. Is there any thing to be conceal'd from Friends ?

Cial. Yes, trouble and misery.

Mir. No more, or find some other friend.

Cial. You do not well to press me thus ;
It will not please you when you hear it.

Mir. Pray let me know it.

Cial. You shall ; but I must beg another thing.

Mir. What's that ?

Cial. Only to save you and me trouble ;
Pray when you have heard it give no Counsel.

Mir. O, by no means, Sir, not for a World.

Cial. Why, 'tis no great matter,----I'll kill *Brancadoro*.

Mir. How !

Cial. Nay, your wonder is as unnecessary as your Counsel.

Mir. Have you consider'd what you said ?

Cial. Yes, and I find it reasonable, I admire you do not.

Mir. Faith not I ; I think 'tis an unreasonable thing
To kill an Afs ; some think that Fools are damn'd
For their original Ignorance ; thou wou'dst not
Send him to hell on thy Errand, wou'dst ?

Cial. Ha, ha, shou'd I for fear of sending him to Hell,
Let him enjoy my Heaven here !-----
Perhaps it grows indifferent to you.

Mir. Do you suspect that *Brancadoro's* wealth
Has brib'd me, Sir ? I thank you.

Cial. I do not say, It has ; but yet-----

Mir. But yet ! It looks scurvily : A Friend when he's jealous
Is like a Child that's froward ;
He knows not why he's out of humour.
Come, trust all to me, you shall not be deceiv'd ;
I've a design ; spare me but for a few minuits.

Cial. Methinks your kindness gives me greater joy
Than a bare Friendship cou'd :-----all thoughts
Of my revenge on others vanish ;----yet----
When I am too much press'd with Misery,
Be but so kind to give me leave to die.

[*Exit Cialto.*

Miranzo stays and studies.

Mir. It shall be so, if I can frighten him,
And make him decline the Marriage with my Sister ;
'T wou'd be excellent ; for certainly he's a rank Coward :
See where most luckily he comes. [*Enter Brancadoro.*
Now Fortune ;----yet if this fail I've a sure remedy at last.
Noble Signior, I was going to look after you.

Bran. What, I warrant your Sister sent to me ;
I am coming.

Mir. No Sir, 'twas a business of another nature.

Bran. Nay, I cannot stay to talk of business now.

Mir. You must, Sir.

Bran. Must, Sir !

Mir.

The Surprisal.

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Mir. I think you must ; your Honour will enforce you.

Bran. Why, what has my Honour to do with't ? Must !

Mir. It concerns it ; and I must beg your pardon,
That am th'unwilling Messenger.

Bran. Why, if you be unwilling, let it alone ;
I'll excuse you.

Mir. I dare not, Sir ; I am oblig'd so far
In common ties, that every Gentleman
Is bound unto another by ; I was
Unhappy that it was requir'd from me.

Bran. Well, another time, another time.

Mir. None but this can serve, Sir ; 'tis the last request
That you will have from Signior *Cialto*.

Bran. The last ! well, that mollifies somewhat ; What is't then ?

Mir. Why, it seems reasonable that you have his Fortune,
And are now going to possess his Mistress ;
He but desires that you wou'd now be pleas'd
Fairly to take away his Life too.

Bran. What's this ! I hope I am not discover'd [*Aside.*
By *Villerotto* ! Fairly, quoth he !

Mir. Life in his condition is but useless to him.

Bran. Why, he may hang himself.

Mir. That he's unwilling to do ; you shall try
To free him with your honourable Sword.

Bran. I'll not try, Sir.

Mir. You must, Sir ; and for that end he stays for you
Hard by the Nunnery, in the Cypress Grove.

Bran. There let him stay ; you know, as well as I,
I am engag'd, and cannot come.

Mir. No engagement, Sir, ought to be above your Honor.
Besides, mine will engage me not to receive
So slight an Answer.

Bran. Why, 'tis your Sister I am going to marry ;
Is it not ?

Mir. I consider not that, Sir.

Bran. If *Cialto* sends me a Challenge,
I hope I may appoint my Time and Weapon.

Mir. That I think you may. Sure he dares not fight, does he ?

Bran. Why then tell your Friend from me, I'll meet him the
Next day after I'm married, any where :
I'll not delay such matters as these.

Mir. Why, he has Courage sure. [*Aside.*
But, Sir, 'tis handsomest to end these matters quickly.

Bran. So 'twere, Sir, if a man were free ;
But since I am engag'd I will be married first,
And then have at him.

If he be in haste to fight, let him fasten a Quarrel
On somebody else, to pass away the time

Mir. Till

Till I am Married.

Mir. 'Slid, he amazes me.

Bran. Thus, Sir, I shall preserve my honor every way ;
I hope he understands himself as well as I do.

Mir. There is no help, this will not do. [Aside.
How the Rascal has couzen'd me !----well----
Who knows but he may be valiant ?
This is your resolution, Sir.

Bran. I marry, Sir ; nor will I alter it.

Mir. I shall acquaint *Cialto* with it, Sir,
And then attend you to your Nuptials :
Farewel; *Signior*.

Bran. You shall be welcome, Sir ; there will be [Ex. *Miran*.
A fine fight, I pay some on't.

Ha, ha, how I have couzen'd 'um !

Miranzo has no mind I shou'd have his Sister,
And so they agreed to frighten me from't ; I found it ;
Poor silly Fellows, 'twas too late ; I have promis'd
To meet *Cialto* the next day after I am married,
That is the next day after he is dead ;
'Tis the same thing ;----um----but
If *Villerotto* shou'd fail I were in a fine case,
Positively engag'd to fight with him ;
I'll look him, and make sure work ;
I grow horribly afraid to think of fighting,
Though I never intend to come to't. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Montalto solus.

Mon. What has this Rascal perswaded us to !
Nay, rather, what have I perswaded my self to !
To fancy I have Courage, and know all the while
What a dangerous Lie 'tis to own it ;
For I had talk'd so loudly of my killing,
That 'twas very probable I shou'd be set to work ;
And as luck is, 'tis to kill one
That will not easily be kill'd, unless
I cou'd catch him asleep :
Wou'd this Rhetorical Gentleman had his Money again.
He gave me Earnest very formally.
The Devil's to raise Forces, and he's his Agent
To give the Press-money.
Here come my engag'd Friends : [Enter 1, 2 Companions.
What made ye stay behind ?

1 Com. Why the Gentleman, you know who ——

Mon. That hir'd us to do you know what.

The Surprisa.

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1 Com. Had still more to say to us, he's very earnest.

Mont. I had rather he were in jest.

[*Aside.*]

[*Aside.*]

1 Com. He promises to double our Reward,
If we strike home, and lose no opportunity;
We shall hardly have such another Bargain.

Mont. That's likely; for 'tis very probable
We may be hang'd for this:

I find I have more Conscience then I thought I had.

1 Com. As good hang as starve; nay, Captain,
If you'r in Dialogue with Fear and Conscience,
I ha' done.

Miran.

Mont. I do but cast the worst to try your Spirits:

I am a Villain if Fear be not Gentleman-usher

To Conscience; I thought I had had no such thing;

Now, I am afraid, I find,

I have a most troublesom stock of it.

---Um---the Devil has sent his Resident again; [*Enter Vill.*]

The Fiend knew I had a good thought or two,

And his Agent's come to treat for 'em;

Yet if I fall back, he'l cut my Throat, that's certain.

Vill. Gentlemen, some new thoughts made me overtake you;

'Tis to tell you, I am now resolv'd

Still to keep near you, that no opportunity be lost,

Nor I rob'd of my part in th' Action.

[*Exit.*]

Mont. I would afford any one a pennyworth of my share. [*aside*]

Vill. It were a fault to doubt your Courages;

But words waste time; no more:

Go presently and stay for me

In the Cypress Walk that leads unto the Nunnery.

This Captain methinks looks something suspiciously;

I must not be long from them:

My Sword shall make sure work.

How---my wife Master!

[*Enter Brancadoro.*]

What business sends him hustling after me?

Bran. Villerotto, hast bargain'd? *Castruccio* has sent

Me word that he has got his Nieces consent:

But all's one for that; if thou canst not get

Him kill'd, they sha'nt get me to marry,

For a reason best known to my self:

Yet prethee bargain as cheap as thou canst;

For all that I dare trust thee though

To use thy own discretion.

Vill. I will do more then use my own discretion;

I'll use my Sword too: Go marry, Sir,

And think not of a dead man.

Bran. Hast got him dispatch'd already?

Vill. As good, Sir; 'tis sure.

Bran. But had I best marry before it be quite done?

Vill.

Vill. Fear not, Sir; trust to my care and faith.

Bran. But be sure.

Vill. Nay, if you suspect me, Sir.

Bran. Why then I'll venture, fall back, fall edg;
Let him meddle with me if he dares.

Dispatch quickly, good *Villerotto*.

[Exit Brancadoro]

Vill. Yet again!

He needs not doubt me, if he knew all;

But when 'tis done I must propose

Some considerable Conditions to set up for my self,

And leave his wife Worship:

He dares not but consent; the guilty must

Submit to be the Slaves of those they trust.

[Exit]

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. **H**ow that Fire-brand the Cook sputters!

There's no coming neer to have a cut for breakfast.

I am a Villain if the Butler too

Be not grown as outrageous a Beast as he.

What coil's here!----O Mother,----how!---- [Enter Taccola.

What, you in a pelt too! Do the Quinces prove rotten?

Or is all the Bisket-flabber spilt?

Tacco. Out upon thee, thou tak'st care for nothing;

She has been my Charge these seventeen years,

And I do not mean to quit my care yet a while.

Bot. Yes faith, Mother, you must deliver up;

She's going to have another Governor,

And as luck will have it, as old as your grave self:

We are like to plant our fair young Twig

In hopeful soil; does it not trouble you, Mother?

Tacco. What's that to thee, Sirrah? Thou art ever full

Of roguish thoughts; the Man may do well enough;

Age is not so contemptible.

Bot. Nay, I dare swear, Mother, you believe

You cou'd entertain the youngest of them all

With wondrous prowess.

Tacco. Come, leave your prating; the Bride-groom's

Neer at hand, with such a gallant Troop;

They are hard by: Nay, let tell thee what---

Out upon't,----what do I here!

The Jelly will be spoil'd.

Exit Taccola.

Bot. O take care of that by all means;

The old Gentleman will need it.

Enter

The Surprisal.

Enter Moreno.

Mor. How now, Sirrah? what, loit'ring here?
Brancadoro. The Company's just coming to the Gate;
Get you gone, and mind your business within.
---- Why Daughter, Daughter.

Emilia appears above.

Emil. Your pleasure, Sir.

[*Exit.* *Mor.* Be ready there, Daughter; the Bride-groom
Will salute you with Musick presently.
I had almost forgot the chiefest News;
This day the fair *Samira*, *Castruccio's* Niece,
Must marry the great and rich *Brancadoro's* Heir.
Be ready, Daughter, I cannot stay.----Hark,----they come:

Emil. Governess. *Taccola.*

Taccola appears above.

Tac. Here, Sweet Charge.

Emil. Come, it must be your part to tell me the Names
Of every one; have you inform'd your self?

Tac. Yes, yes, I know them all.

Emil. Peace then, and observe.

Enter first some bearing Bays and Rosemary, then Moreno and Castruccio, then Brancadoro and Samira, then Miranzo and others; As these pass over the Stage they speak above.

What be these men?

Tac. They bear Loves Ensignes:
You know the Gentleman that follows.

Emil. Yes, yes; who's that leads his fair Niece?

Tac. The wealthy *Brancadoro*, who is to marry her this day;
They say he's an As, though his Trappings be rich.

Emil. A sudden Wedding! But what young man
Is that which follows next?

Tac. I marry, that's his fine Nephew *Miranzo*,
Newly return'd from Travel.

Emil. Peace, they begin.

*As soon as the Masque begins the Curtain draws, and
Emilia appears; Miranzo keeps his eyes fix'd on
her all the while the Masque is presented.*

The Surprisal.

The Persons being all plac'd about the Stage,

Enter 'a Cupid, who waves an Arrow, and speaks.

Cup. Hymen, O gentle Hymen, come away.

Enter Hymen.

Hym. When Loves great God commands, I never stay.

Cup. Then light it thy Torch. Hym. For that I hither came.
And see 'tis ready to receive a flame,
Whenever by thy powerful Summons prest.

Cup. Then light at that aged Lovers breast.

Hym. Where Time has been destroying, can there be
A warmth for him, much less a flame for me?

Cup. Those groser flames that feed on wanton hearts,
Burn not in his; the sharpest of thy Darts
Had found no way, where Nature frozen lies,
But that 'twas thaw'd by fair Emilia's Eyes.

Hym. Call hither all thy Votaries to gaze,
That with such Fires thy Altars still may blaze;
Not fed with loose Desires, but purest Hearts;
So I my Torch may save, and thou thy Darts.

Enter Charon.

Cup. But stay, what dismal Apparition's this,
That mingles horror with approaching bliss?

Cha. Charon I am, that o're the Stygian Waves
Waft only Fares that first have pass'd through Graves:
From thence I came, where all the Destinies
Do sit and smile at these unequal ties:
'Tis vain to sing an Hymeneal note;
Light not thy Torch, for I prepare my Boat.

Hym. Why, Charon, why? Char. Know, I did lately view
The Fatal Sisters, whilst his Thred they drew;
The last remains were on the Distaff put,
And one prepar'd the feeble twine to cut.

Hym. Fond fool, go back again, and thou shalt find
So fair a Thred with his so firmly twin'd,
No Destiny will venture to divide
A life that is with fair Emilia's ty'd.
Gaze, and submit. Char. What's this appears more bright,
Then Souls prepar'd for the Elysian Light?
Appear, appear, you Fatal Sisters, come
Before a Power that can reverse your doom.

Enter

The Surprisal.

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Enter Destinies.

See, they obey ; 'tis just that Love and Fate
Shou'd on the fair *Emilias* Nuptials wait.

Cup. First I resign my Arrows and my Bow.

Hym. The Fates submit their dreadful Ensigns too:

Char. *Charon* will leave his unfrequented Shore,
And at *Emilias* feet lay down his Oar.

Hym. Ascend, ascend, you happy Shades, and move
In various measures with the God of Love.

Enter Spirits.

Cha. They come, they come, hark, hark, our charmed ears
Are struck with Musick from the moving Spheres.

*The Spirits first dance an Antick ; Then the Destinies
join in a grand Dance.*

Mir. How my eyes are chain'd unto that glorious Object !
She acts like what she is, a Miracle ;
And I am lost in wonder !

Cast. Good morning to my fairest Mistress :
May but my Joys this day, be yours for ever ;
I know not how to wish you more.

Bran. Uncle, must I bid her good morrow too ?
These Spirits have so amaz'd me, I can scarce fetch my breath.

Cast. By all means.

Bra. Why then,--Good-morrow, Mistress ; 'tis Sigr *Brancadore*
Bids you good-morrow : I wish you as good luck as my self.
As I suppose, you may have heard of me ;
For I am going the way of all Flesh too.

Mir. If I cou'd speak, I find I cannot joyn
In Wishes of this nature : How my Soul struggles in me !

Mor. Come down Daughter, and meet us in the Hall,
Soe to the Temple, where all Complements
Are quickly ended. Come, Son, your Ceremony
Defers your happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

The Curtain draws.

Manet Miranzo.

Mir. The lovely Apparition's vanish'd ; O for a spell
To call it back again ; but the black Spirits only
Are subject unto charms, and not the brighter Angels :
At what a distance she surpriz'd !
Had the great God of Love us'd other Eyes,
He had at rovers vainly shot his Dart ;

Hers had the power alone to carry level to my heart.
 How hapless must my destiny needs prove,
 That in one instant both despair and love!

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Taccola and Bottolo.

Tac. Good *Bottolo*, set these things upon the Shelf;
 I must stay here to give my Lady her Things,
 She's coming down this way; I had forgot
 Her Vail; nay, prethee do so much for me.

Bot. Well, well; pox on't, I take no joy in this Wedding.

Tac. Nay, prethee no discourse now, honest *Bottolo*.

Bot. O rare! honest *Bottolo*! before night
 You'll scold at this honest *Bottolo*.

Tac. Thou deserv'st it twice, where I do it once, firrah.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. What's the matter?

Bot. Nothing, Mistress,----Ah, 'tis a thousand pities.

[Exit Bottolo.]

Emil. Have you brought my Things, Governess?

Tac. Yes, my sweet Charge.

Emil. Where's the Company?

Tac. They all stay for you in the Hall.

Emil. I go, I go. [As she offers to go, enter Miranzo.]

Mir. Stay, stay, fairest Maid.

Emil. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Mir. I dare not tell her 'tis to gaze on her.

[Aside.]

Madam, the business I must acquaint you with
 Deserves a privacy; please you to command
 Your Woman for a minuit to withdraw.

Emil. Leave us a little, Governess.

Tac. By my troth a comly Gentleman; had luck been
 This might have made the better Husband.
 Pray Sir be not tedious, here's business to be done.

Mir. Not by the old Gentleman.

[Exit Taccola.]

I am a Stranger to you, Madam;
 My business will seem strange too.

Emil. Pray quickly, Sir; I am staid for.

Mir. That's part of it.

Emil. Of what?

Mir. Why, of my business, to desire you not to go.

Emil. What mean you, Sir? why do you gaze so wildly?
 I hope your thoughts are not so much unsettl'd
 As your looks; why do you desire me not to go?

Mir.

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Mir. Why, you go to be married, do you not?

Emil. Yes; what do you mean? Pray leave me.

Mir. I must not, nay, I cannot leave you.

Emil. Not leave me! What is the business

That thus unseasonably you stay me for?

Mir. I know I have done ill to trouble you;

But who can help it; Love and Whirlwinds

Will have their giddy courses.

The story's short, I saw and lov'd you.

Wonder not; Lightning burns at a flash,

When lesser Fires do by degrees consume.

Emil. It is not well to give me this strange trouble.

How did you come to meet me?

Pray say no more; I must obey and marry.

Mir. Do, and be happy.----'Tis true,

I might have dy'd without afflicting you;

For that I ask forgiveness.

Emil. I forgive you freely.

Mir. This then finishes my Wooing. [*He draws a Poniard.*]

Emil. Hold; you do not mean so madly!

Mir. I mean thus, soberly.

Emil. Where is your Reason and your Justice, Sir!

Think on't; wou'd you rob another of his right?

Your neer Relation too!

Mir. Not by dying, do I?

Emil. That offends Heaven, at whose disposal

You ought to be.

Mir. I am so; you are my Heaven here,

And you dispose me to my Fate.

Emil. Why d'you cruelly disturb me? I know

You dare not be so injurious as to

Destroy at once your self, and all my peace.

Mir. You mistake; Alas! I have not courage enough to try

Whether or no I can endure to live.

Emil. Oh, you have ruin'd me! what shall I do!

Mir. I am sorry I have troubled you, indeed I am;

But you began to plague me first:

I was at peace with Woman-kind; that is,

I lov'd none till your eyes began the quarrel.

Emil. What wou'd you have me do? how can I now

Avoid this Marriage, ready for the Temple,

Engag'd by my Obedience, and my Promise!

Mir. You may pretend a sudden Sickness, Madam.

Emil. I need not much pretend it;

But what is your design in this?

Mir. I dare not name a Pardon at the first;

I only beg to be Repriev'd, that I may try

If it be possible to love you less,

And you may try to love me more :
But if you think it too much mercy to Reprieve me,
Pronounce my Sentence quickly, you shall find me
Your faithful Executioner.

Emil. You press me strangely ;
I dare not be the cause of any murder :
Live---I will not marry ; by all that's good I will not :
But from this time see me no more,
Cruel disturber of my Peace.

Mir. I lost mine first by seeing you ;
And though I promis'd to obey one Sentence,
Yet this is too hard, dying's easier :
I cannot promise never to see you more and live.

Emil. Be gone, and leave the most unhappy of all Women

Mir. I go, remember only this vow I leave behind,
Never to live to see you wretched or unkind. [Exit

Emil. Ah me !---I need not wholly counterfeit
Sickness ; I have an Ague in my thoughts,
Which shakes my Soul ; I shall grow faint indeed.
Governess. [Enter Taccola

Tac. O, sweet Charge, there's old calling for you.

Emil. I cannot go yet ; lead me to my Chamber ;
I fear I shall grow ill.

Tac. How, how !

Emil. Prethee peace.

Tac. Why, what a Gods-name hath this young Fellow done
What is he gone and left you ?

Emil. Nothing, nothing ; prethee along, I faint. [Exeunt

S C E N E III.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. Hey day, what doings there's within !
Signior *Brancadoro* has lost his Mistress ;
By this time they are hunting on a cold scent,
Or else have quite given her over.
I wonder my Mistress had not the wit
To run away, and hide for good and all,
From her old Catterpillar.
Hark, there's a new noise within, [Noise within
And louder too then ever ; I'm a villain
If I don't fancy I hear *Taccola's* shrieks
A note above them all ; what shou'd this mean ?

Enter Brancadoro.

Br. O, *Bottolo*, didst thou see my Mistress ? As I live and breathe
I nev

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I never took more pains a Squirrel-hunting,
Than I have done in seeking her ;
I would give any thing in reason to any
That could but bring Tale or Tidings of her.

Bot. That reasonable Reward would prove a *Julio*.

Bran. Come, *Bottolo*, prethee come and help to look her.

[*Exit Brancadoro.*]

Bot. I had rather help to hide her from such
A covetous vapouring Coxcomb.
How now !

[*Enter Moreno hastily.*]

Mor. O *Bottolo*, *Bottolo* ! run, run, *Bottolo*.

Bot. Whither, Sir ?

Mor. Any whither ; run, run, fetch a Physitian quickly.
O, my Daughter, my Daughter !
What, art thou here yet ?

Bot. Why, what ails my Mistress ?

Mor. Dying, dying ; she fainted suddenly,
And lies without a sign of life.

Bot. A pretty Wedding towards ; poor Soul,
Who can blame her to be afraid to be clasp'd by an old Ivy,
Whose embraces never suffer any thing to prosper ?

Mor. Art thou not gone yet ? Run quickly, Sirrah,
To *Leonardo* the Physitian ; make all the haste thou canst.

Bot. I knew there wou'd no good come of this Wedding,
First or last. I go, Sir, I go. [Exit *Bottolo*.]

[*Enter Castruccio.*]

Cast. O mischief ! No hearing of my Niece !

Mor. My Daughter, my Daughter's going.

Cast. And my Niece is quite gone :
Every corner has been search'd, but no finding her.
Oh, oh, what a sad day is this !

Mor. Never a hopeful morning so o're-cast !

Cast. O my Mistress ! O my Neice ! Undone, undone.

Mor. Let's in and advise together ;
I have sent *Bottolo* for a Physitian.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

[*Enter Miranzo.*]

Mir. There's yet some hopes ; the subtle Politician
That cannot reach his ends in peace, throws all
Into disorder.
He snatches others first from their enjoyments,
And that makes way for his designs.
I find we are alike ; for Peace must be

More

More fatal than Loves Civil War to me.

What a world of thoughts now offer

Their troublesom service to me!

Wou'd my man *Baptista* were come:

Heaven prevent mischance; I cannot doubt his truth:

I trusted him to help my Sisters flight to the Nunnery;

No way was left at last but that,

To cozen *Brancadoro* of her:

The Fool had almost flown her to a Mark.

O *Cialto*,----I have strange News to tell thee. [Enter *Cialto*

Cial. Your looks expresse as much.

I thought sorrow and wildness

Had hung upon no brow but mine.

Where have you been? What, is the Wedding finish'd?

Why are you thus confus'd?----ha!----where's *Samira*?

Mir. Not married to *Brancadoro*, nor ever shall.

Cial. O, my best Friend, pardon my fears;

How safe I am in thee! But where is she?

Mir. You shall know presently;

I appointed my man *Baptista*

To wait my coming to this place;

But an accident has brought me sooner than I thought.

Cial. Bless me! What accident?

In thine eyes appears

A strange disorder.

Mir. No, no, no great matter; we may be friends, Sir,

Now at your own rate; I am turn'd Lover too.

Cial. Why, 'tis impossible! Who *Miranzo*!

He that us'd to brag his heart was fortifi'd

With scorn and chearfulness!

Mir. O, Sir, I rejoyce you are in such perfect memory;

But see, *Baptista* is return'd. Now,---what News? [Enter *Bapt.*

Bapt. As you directed, Sir, I found an opportunity

That favour'd the design your Sister had:

The idle Persons, that had no business

But to mind others Actions, I got

Into the Cellar, whilst she made her escape.

Mir. To the Nunnery.

Bapt. Thither she told me she wou'd go.

Mir. 'Tis well.

Cial. How! to the Nunnery! she may be willing to stay there,

'Tis probable; for nothing here below

Is worth her Love: I find I cannot yet

Submit; my Passion will resist,

Though Heaven it self does prove my Rival.

[Exit *Cialto* hastily

Mir. *Cialto*, friend *Cialto*; he's gone.

Hey day, how Love tumbles us about!

Yet

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Yet I admire not now at this distraction ;
For mad men wonder not at one another.

Bapt. But, Sir, I have strange News to tell you ;
The fair *Emilia*, with her old Governess,
Is fled to the Nunnery too.

Mir. How ! is 't possible ?

Bapt. 'Tis certain, Sir ; and to that purpose
She left a Note upon her Table :

All the House is in an uproar,
And fancy 'twas a plot between the Ladies.

Mir. Above my hopes she then has kept her word,
Not to bestow her self ; but what a devil
Does she do at the Nunnery ?
That may be worse than th' other ; if she shou'd
Turn Nun now ; like enough ; when people are cross'd
And vex'd, they grow Religious presently.
I must do something.----How my thoughts work, [*He studies.*
Heaving like labouring Moles within the Earth !
Ha, *Baptista*.

Bapt. Sir.

Mir. Hast thou not told me thou hast a Brother is a Friar ?

Bapt. I have, Sir, in the next Covent.

Mir. Cou'dst thou not prevail with him to lend me
A little of his holiness ?

Bapt. What mean you, Sir ?

Mir. Nay, I mean none of his Prayers nor Meditations ;
At this time I have no use for a good thought :

'Tis his Habit only for a few hours ; I'll not abuse it,
On my honour ; Thou dar'st trust me, dar'st not ?

Bapt. You cannot doubt that, Sir ; and I am sure
My Brother's thoughts of you are as mine are :
I'll try presently, if you please, Sir.

Mir. Come, I'll go along with thee ;
For my design requires some haste ;
Thy care and love shall be requited.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Moreno.

Mor. Worse and worse ; my Daughter, my Daughter !
Couzen'd, abus'd, and cheated !
Signior *Castruccio*, *Brancadoro*, where are you ?

Enter Castruccio and Brancadoro.

Cast. What's the matter ?

Mor. Oh, my Daughter ! gone, fled, run away,

F

With

Yet

With her old Beldame.

Cast. How, fled and gone!

Mor. Gone, gone.

Bran. My Mistress shew'd her the way.

Villerotto shall let him alone now,

If I cou'd but find him. No Wedding, no Killing.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Cast. How now? any news yet?

Where's my Nephew *Miranzo*?

Serv. He's not in the House, Sir.

Mor. We are all abus'd and cheated.

Bran. I am couzen'd too of my Mistress; but as long
As I can keep my money, the care's the less.

Cast. It is in vain longer to vex our selves;
Let's in and consult; then if we judg it fit,
We'll go together to the Nunnery,
And there make our demands,
You for your Daughter, I for my Niece.

Mor. You advise well; come, let us not delay:
Sigismundo Brancadoro, you must along too.

Bran. With all my heart; I long to see
What the meaning of these tricks are:
Every body's couzen'd, as well as I.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Montalto, and two Companions.

Mon. We are marvelously kept on duty; not one allarm yet?

1 Com. Our Scout is watching for Intelligence;
To say truth, the Gentleman takes a world of pains.

Mont. Wou'd he wou'd take less; he pays well,
And 'tis no matter how long 'tis a doing.

2 Com. What are you squeamish still, Captain?

Mont. Pox on't, I can't conceal my villainous apprehensions
From these Rascals; without doubt the Rogues
Are as timorous as I am, though they hide it better.

[*Aside.*

[*Enter Villerotto with another, and pulling in Samira.*
How now? what's here to do?

Vill. Nay, do not seem angry:
This is strange rambling on your Wedding day.

Sam. Impudent Rascal, unhand me:
How dare you assume the boldness to examine me?

Vill. Spoil not your good face with frowns;
'Tis to no purpose; You must be my pris'ner.

Sam. Your Prisoner, Slave!

Vill. Yes mine, till I know

In

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In what condition you have left my Master;
Your flight's suspicious; perhaps y'ave murther'd him.

Sam. No, the Fool's alive to thank you
For your officious rudeness.

Vill. If he be not, your life shall satisfy.

Mon. 'Tis not in our bargain to deal with women: [Aside.

Vill. There's something more than ordinary;
For guilty persons use such flights;
Here, take her away.

Sam. What, will you murder me? help, help.

Vill. Stop your mouth, or I'll spoil the passage to't,
[He shows a Dagger.

And make an hole to let your clamors out
By th' way, before they climb up to your Throat.

Enter Emilia and Taccola.

What have we here? more Quarry on the wing?

How the Covies scatter'd?

Sure 'tis she; 'tis, 'tis Emilia.

Here has been some mischief practis'd;

I'll seize her too, else tother will want company.

Stay, who are you?

Emil. Ah me!

Vill. Whither this way so fast?

May be you cannot speak for want of Air,

I'll give you vent.---I thought so,---'tis she. [He unveils her.

Emil. Oh, I am ruin'd.

Vill. Troth, like enough; and possibly you have deserv'd it.

Emil. Pray stop me not; but rather, if you have pity,

Conduct me to the Nunnery.

Vill. O, do your mischiefs prompt you to a refuge?

I'll find you out a place of safety.

Two of you come along with me;

Bring them along too.

Tac. Rascal, what dost thou mean to do with us?

Vill. Nothing with your Antiquity.

Sam. Conduct us to an Officer of Justice;

We dare appear, Sir.

Vill. Stop her mouth; I'll consider what to do with you;

Bring them along, I say.

Do you wait here till I return;

A minuit brings me back. [Exeunt with the Women Villerotho;
and the second Companion.

Mont. Why, this is horrible Injustice;

We must only it seems do the worst work.

Why, methinks one might serve this unconscionable stomach:

But it may be we, like Serving-men,

May be permitted to fall too after him.
This plunder though ought to be divided
Among us that did the duty.

I Com. 'Tis but reasonable; perhaps he thinks
That full temptation cannot live
In our hunger-starv'd bodies.

Mon. Before I saw these sprightly Wenches
I thought so too; but I am not hungry now:
A man has never any stomach
When he is over-heated.

Enter Villerotho hastily, with the second Companion.

Vill. Whist, whist; this way, this way:
Now bravely seize the prey, he's coming directly to you.

Mont. Pox o' th' News: Now have I no mind
To the Wenches neither; this fear can lay that Devil,
That will obey nor hunger, nor poverty.

Vill. Come, follow me; thrust home and sure.

Mont. I, I, so we might.

Vill. Doubt not your full reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Enter Miranzo in a Friars Habit, with a Friar
and Baptista.*

Mir. Thanks, holy Sir; and pray be confident
That I have no design nor thought
Which may abuse this habit.

Fri. You are too noble.

Mir. In that rest assured; now Sir retire,
I need no farther your protection.

Fri. Heavens direct and send you peace of mind.

Mir. Thanks, holy Father.

Baptista, wait at my Uncle's house till you hear from me;
I shall need nothing now but an old Shoo cast after me.

Bap. I will not fail, Sir. This is strange!
He uses not to be so disturb'd.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Cialto solus.

Cial. Love's constant diet is not hope, I see;
For mine wou'd then be starv'd; but it is still alive,
And strangely on despair knows how to thrive.
Yet think, *Cialto*, how preposterous 'tis

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To fear the loss of that which 'twere unworthy
In thee now to wish.
But though the Sun must at a distance shine,
It would beget an horror in mankind,
Shou'd they but fear he wou'd for ever set.
Though in this place she rises a degree
Up towards Heaven, yet she sets to me.

*Enter Villerotto, Montalto, and two Companions,
with their hands on their Swords.*

Ha! who are these, whose dismal looks
Are seconded by their postures!----
Which is your way, Gentlemen?
You stare as if you had lost it.

Vill. No, we know our way, 'tis to thy heart,
And thus we force it.

Cial. 'Twill be hard to find.

*As they fight, enter Miranzo in his Friars Habit; he
snatches a Sword from one of them, and by his
help the Assailants are beat off.*

Mir. What horrid Act is this! How, *Cialto*!

Vill. Villains, make up; sure I have sped him.

Cial. So bold, Sir?

Vill. Bold as your self, Sir.----It is in vain;
Hell take these Rascals.

Mir. What caus'd this foul play, Sir?

Cial. Holy Sir, you know as much as I.

Mir. How do you feel your self?

Cial. Hurt, Sir; but not to any danger, as I guess;
Yet I bleed: Your timely aid
Makes my life yours; I shou'd not have expected
Such a relief from any in your Habit.

Mir. How, *Cialto*, do you not know me?----not yet?
Look again; sure if you lov'd me
There's no disguise cou'd hide *Miranzo* from you.

Cial. How, *Miranzo*! O, my Friend, what means this Habit?

Mir. You bleed; I dare not spend the time to tell you
All my story; I doubt here was foul play.
One of these Villains I know to be *Brancadoro's* Servant:
But whither were you going?

Cial. To the Nunnery; but prethee satisfy my longing,
What's to be done in this disguise?

Mir. A very pious work, I can assure you;----why,----
I am going to confess my Mistress.

Cial. Thy Mistress!

Mir.

Mir. You may remember my Uncle was in a fair way
To marriage.

Cial. Why, is he not married?

Mir. No.

Cial. How so?

Mir. I frighted his Mistress away, and in this Nunnery
She has taken Sanctuary; her I am going to confess;
I should be abominably out of countenance----

Cial. At what, man?

Mir. Why, if she shou'd confess, amongst her sins,
That she lov'd me, for one.

Cial. You wou'd absolve her, wou'd you not?

Mir. Yes, and her pennance shou'd be to continue in her Sin;
But we trifle here, forgetting thy condition.

Cial. Pish, I scarce feel my hurts.

Mir. Come, our Adventures lie together; lean on me;
Nay, yet more; counterfeit enough, 'twill move the more
Pity; thy Wounds and my Habit will without doubt
Open these charitable Gates. [*They knock.*

A Nun appears.

Nun. What is your business, Father?

Mir. I am sent from Father *Vincentio*, unto the Lady *Emilia*.

Nun. Here's no such person.

Mir. How! 'tis not the Custom of holy places to deny truths.

Nun. Nor is it now practis'd.

Mir. Why her Father sent away Father *Vincentio*,
Immediately to dispatch some holy man,
To reconcile her troubled Spirit,
Which caus'd her to fly hither.

Nun. She came not to this place.

Mir. Nor *Samira*, *Castuccio's* Niece?

Nun. By all that's holy, neither.

Mir. I dare not but believe you,
Pardon me for pressing you so far.

Nun. All Peace dwell with you. [*Exit Nun.*

Cial. How, not here! did you not mistake, *Miranzo*?
And have forgot, and sent her to some other place?

Mir. I am amaz'd!

Cial. Do not wonder; you cannot lose your Sister, sure.

Mir. Not lose her!

Cial. I hope so; for 'tis probable she knows your mind.

Mir. I scarce understand yours, nor do you know your own;
If you do, 'twill be ingenious to speak it plainer.

Cial. If I shou'd be jealous, or dislike any thing,
'Twou'd seem ridiculous; such humors
Are only fit for those that either hope,

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Or else are in possession.----Farewel.---

I wish your Sister happy.

[He offers to go out.]

Mir. Stay ;----consider this is the second time
That you have started into mean suspicions :
You will repent.

Cial. I do repent that I pursu'd your Sister
With a passion that hath out-liv'd all my prosperity,
As if a Ghost shou'd love ; for 'tis not I,
But 'tis *Cialto's* shadow that you gaze on.

Mir. 'Tis indeed his shade, or something less,
That bears no shape of him, nor of his mind.

Cial. I know it but too well ;----yet perhaps
You may have so much friendship left, at my request,
To give it out that I am dead.

Mir. What's your design in that report ?

Cial. You will not do it then.

Mir. I wou'd know why.

Cial. Nay then.

Mir. Come, your humour shall have its course,
I'll do't without a question :

But why shou'd I report that you are dead ?

Cial. You said you wou'd not ask me ; nor need
You fear to give out an untruth ; it may be shortly so :
In the mean time I must disguise my self,
As from henceforward I shall every day
Resemble less and less what once I was.

Things running to decay grow every moment
More unlike themselves ; and so do I.

That at the last the name of Friend
Will not fit you or me ; for I shall be decay'd,
Never to be repair'd again ; and we must part
Still more and more, till at the last our distance
Will grow so great that none will guess

We ever were united : So Lines

Both from one Centre drawn, still more and more divide,
Till for the World at last they grow too wide.

[Exit.]

Mir. I forgive thee, poor *Cialto* ; for I am sensible
What a distraction governs thee, by the confusion
That throws my thoughts into as much disorder ;
For I have rais'd a War where Peace still flourish'd,
In the calm Empire of *Emilia's* breast ;
And she is fled from me back to her peace.

—Yet—

[He Studies.]

What is the meaning that my Sister fails ?
I know not what to think ; I stand like one has
Lost his way, and no man near him to enquire it of.
Yet there's a Providence above that knows
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct

Enquiring

Enquiring Justice: The Passengers that travel
In the wide Ocean, where no paths are,
Look up, and leave their Conduct to a Star.

[Exit.]

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Montalto, and his two Companions.

1 Com. **T**Roth, Captain, I did not perceive
That daring Valour you talk of.

Mont. Thy fears blinded thee, else thou might'st have seen
What furious thrusts I exchang'd with that Devil
In a Friars Habit. You are a courteous Gentleman,
To lend your Sword at such a time.

2 Com. He came behind me on the sudden,
And wrench'd it from me:
Who wou'd have suspected a Friar for such tricks?

1 Com. All our reward is lost; if we might have it,
I think we shou'd be asham'd to ask it;
He that 'hir'd us was hurt himself.

Mont. Why, 'twas his own cause, and his own fault;
As for example, I'll shew you what he shou'd have done;
Observe me.----

Enter Miranzo, and Baptista following at a distance.

How now----what apparition's this, as a Friar?

I hope 'tis not another fighting Friar.

'Slid, 'tis he; my villainous apprehensions

Go as true as a Sun-dial.

What an unluckie posture he has found me in,

Wou'd my sword were up to th' hilts in him

Or a dunghill, or any thing that wou'd but hide it. (now;

Mir. What, more mischief towards? I am provided for them

They are those very rascals:--- I know that blustering

Fellow again: Now Heav'n prosper my designs;

I have a fair occasion to improve them.

How now, Gentlemen? what means a weapon drawn?

Mont. We, Sir, are men that have been us'd
To handle Swords; when there's no War to imploy them,
We play with 'um in peace: I hope 'tis no offence
To have a kindness for our best Friends.

Sure he knows us not.-----

[Aside.]

1 Com. Alter your countenance as much as possible,
Captain; perhaps he may not know us.

2 Com. I'll seem blowing my nose, and so hide my face.----

'Slid,

Slid, I have no handkerchief to do it with.

Mir. You stare as if you did not know me.

[*Exit.*

Mon. Know you? how shou'd we know you?

Mir. No? that's strange; one of you was so civil
To lend me a Sword lately;

Can you yet call me to remembrance?

Mon. We know not what you mean; if we were friends,
We are not now at leisure to answer idle questions.

[*He offers to g.*

Mir. Nay, you must stay; come no blustering;
I am provided now, look you----

[*He shews a Sword under his Gown.*

I shall not trouble you for a Sword again.

seen

Mont. Wou'd he he had mine, where I cou'd wish it.

Mir. I am sorry I have an unpleasant question to ask you;
But yet it must be answer'd.

Mon. Must!

Mir. Yes, must; and you will do it calmly,
For all your stormy looks.

Bladder, if thou continuest thus to swell,

I'll make an hole to let out your vain humour.

Mon. 'Tis well you are a man of peace, or else----

1 Com. Not half so much as he is.

Mir. Never at peace with Murtherers; Impudent Villains,
Who hir'd you to that damn'd act.

Of murdering the generous *Cialto*?

Had not your feet been nimbler then the Sword,
I'de paid you your just hire, Sir.----Come, confess.

1 Com. We are undone.---Lord, how our Captain looks big,
And trembles all at once!

Mon. We do not understand you.

Mir. Well, I cannot stay to parley;
Here, take away these Rascals Swords.

Mon. How, our Swords!

Mir. Come, come; nay, it must be so;
I know your gentle natures.

Mon. Why, Sir, I deny nothing to one of your Coat,
Or else-----

Mir. You wou'd deliver them however.

1, 2 Com. Good Sir, disgrace us not.

Mon. Pox on't, wou'd that were the worst;
How the Rogues stand upon their credit?

Mir. Disgrace you! is that possible? Come, deliver, deliver,
Or you shall have ours, d' fee, where you do not wish them.

Mon. Well, our Religion obliges me to this; but it shall be upon
Condition you use it well till you return it;

'Tis a good Blade.

[*They deliver their Swords.*

Mir. If the Blade be good you shall have a Knife out of it,
'Tis your only Weapon, this was not well mounted.

Mon. Well Sir, you are merry, and we take our leaves.

Mir. O, by no means; you must deliver your selves up too.
Here carry these Gentlemen Murtherers
To *Cialto's* Kinsman; these are the Rogues
He has been looking for; I leave them to his Examination.

Mon. O, good Sir, we wil do any thing.

Mir. Away with them; I'll follow at a distance,
If they stir; and d'hear---- *He whispers to Baptista.*

Bapt. Yes, Sir.----Come, my Masters. *[Exit Miranzo.]*

Mon. What say you Friends? umh---
This was a good Bargain; we shall never have such another:
How plaguily you guess'd! we are not likely
To live to make another: What say you
To a dialogue with Fear and Conscience?

I Com. Why, if we hang we shall be in no more wants,
And you'll be in no more frights, Captain.

Bapt. Come along, Gentlemen of the peaceable Blade:
But, d'hear? if you can yet be honest,
And confes truly and penitently,
You may scape, I'll undertake it.

Mon. We will confes all we know, Sir.

I Com. Yes, and more too, if that will do't.

Bapt. Come, despair not then. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter, as to the Nunnery, Castruccio, Moreno, Brancadoro, and Bottolo.

Bran. If they be here, we'll fetch them out with a vengeance;
Knock *Bottolo*, break the Gate down. *[Bottolo knocks.]*

Bot. They are deaf, or else at prayers.

Bran. I, so they had need, to ask forgiveness
For all their tricks. How out of countenance, Uncle,
Will my Mistrefs be when she sees me?

Cast. And my Mistrefs too, Nephew.

Bran. Why there's one comfort yet, they did not run
After other men; I'de have made any man smock
That shou'd have been so bold to have ventur'd
On my Mistrefs.----What, no body come yet?----Knock again;
These be fine tricks. *[Bottolo knocks.]*

Bot. Not a distressed Damsel yet appears
Out of the sacred Castle:----Now one bolts; *[Enter Nun.]*
We shall have a godly Exhortation,
Whither we get any Women, or no.

Nun. What means this earnest knocking at the Gates?

Bran. What a foolish question's that? we wou'd come in.

Nun.

Nun. Our Laws forbid that men shou'd enter here.

Bran. Fiddle faddle, I'll come in, and fetch others out too;
See who shall say me nay.

Nun. Use no rude force, 'twill be a disrespect
To Heaven, as well as want of manners:
Is there a cause for all this passion?

Bran. Yes, that there is; here you shelter every Run-away;
Bring 'um out, or I'll feeze you.

Bot. Why he'll beat her; 'tis a fierce Hector.

Nun. What is it you demand, or whom?

Bran. Why, we demand *Samira* and *Emilia*;
Here is her Uncle, and the others Father:
My name's Signior *Brancadoro*; you have heard on't
I warrant you, e're now.

Nun. I know not what you mean.

Mor. 'Tis true, holy Maid, such we have lost,
And hither they are fled.

Nun. Certainly, Sir, there are none such here.
But I'll go in and ask the truth.

Cast. We thank you.

[Exit Nun.]

Bran. 'Slid, if she had not left her tricks and denials
I wou'd have hit her a dowse in the chops.

Bot. Like enough; perhaps he ne're struck any body in his life,
And now wou'd flesh himself upon a Woman.

Enter Nun.

Nun. Here are no such persons as you enquire for.

Mor. How, how! why my Daughter *Emilia* left a Letter
Upon her Table, expressing she fled hither,
For some trouble she had within her.

Nun. There's some abuse in this; for but e'ne now
There was a Friar that enquir'd for these Ladies;
He held a Gentleman seem'd hurt to death:
He was earnest, as you are; but he was satisfi'd,
As you may please to be.

Bran. No, it does not please us to be satisfi'd;
Nor will we be satisfied; let's in and search.

----That hurt Gentleman was *Cialto*, without question.

----Now if I cou'd but find my Mistress.

[Aside.]

Nun. I hope you do not mean to be injurious.

Cast. I hope you do not think it lawful
To conceal Children from their Parents; this wou'd be
The refuge then of every wilful Child.

Nun. Pray believe you are not now abus'd;
By our best hopes there are no such Persons
Within our Walls; we wou'd not for a world deny a Truth.

Mor. This is strange; but we must believe.

Bran. But we may chuse whither we will or no.

Nun. Heaven restore all you have lost,
And then preserve it to you.

Cast. We thank you.

[*Exit Nun.*]

Bran. I'll not thank her; a pox of her truths;
I'll not be couzen'd by any holy Jugler of them all.

Mor. Come, let's not neglect to enquire some other way;
'Tis vain to linger here.

Signior *Branca-doro*, what course take you?

Bran. I'll go about a little business, and presently
Set some to enquire; if she be above-ground, I'll have her.

Cast. Farewel, Signior; we'll lose no time neither.

[*Exit Castruccio and Moreno.*]

Bran. Some comfort yet, that I have such fair hopes:
Cialto's dead; now I shall keep my Estate quietly;
And if I cou'd but find my Mistress, I shou'd have her too.
Now the roaring Lion's dead, I dare look after my prey.
Well,----what's best to do? let me consider.

Enter Villerotto.

Vill. What, is he studying? why the devil
Does he thus seem to search for prudent thoughts,
That has not lodging in his brains for one?
Yet he studies; something is in the matter.
Fortune, that brought those beautiful Prisoners under
My power, prosper me now in driving of my bargain.---Sir.

Bran. How now?---O *Villerotto*, come just in the nick;
I want thy advise and help; my Mistress
Is not here at the Nunnery.

Vil. How, Sir! not at the Nunnery! why, you told me that
Emilia had left a Note upon her Table,
That she was fled hither; and is neither here?

Bran. Pox of her Note; neither she nor *Samira* are here.

Vill. Who told you this?

Bran. Why a little harlotry Nun.

Vill. She lied sure.

Bran. I said so; I was going once to hit her a cuff o'th' ear,
But that she told me some good news.

Vill. What was that?

Bran. She told me a Gentleman was dying, and a Friar
Has carried him away; that's you know who.
Hast heard any news?

Vill. Yes, your enemy is dead.

Bran. For certain?

Vill. So 'tis reported generally.

Bran. Why, I have nothing then to fear but his ghost;
And if that shou'd be troublesome, I'll quiet him,

If *Christendom* can afford a Conjuror.

Now if I cou'd but find my Mistress. ---- But *Villerotto*,
If any of the Rogues shou'd be taken that know thee.

Vill. I hope not, Sir.

Bran. Hope !----is't come to that ? Art not sure,----ha ?
Now shall not I sleep one wink this night ;
I shall do nothing but think and dream,
And dream, and think of Judges, Serjeants, Bars,
And Hangmen ; wou'd I had ne're medled with it.

Vill. There is a way, Sir, to secure you.

Bran. Name it, name it, good *Villerotto*.

Vill. I must go plant, Sir, in another Country ;
Then you are safe.

Bran. Why, faith and troth I shall be loth to part with thee ;
But what must be, must be ; Friends must part.

----Wou'd I were well rid of him.

[*Aside.*

If thou think'st it fit, I shall be rul'd.

Vill. And consent I shall be gone.

Bran. But against my will, as I'me an honest man ;
For let the worst come to the worst, I know thou wou'd'st not
Betray me,----wou'd'st thou, *Villerotto* ?----ha ?

Vill. Nay, I cannot tell what operation
A Rack and Torture might have on me ; I am flesh and blood.

Bran. So am I too, I know it by my shaking.
This was a bugs word ;----wou'd he were gone.

[*Aside.*

Nay, *Villerotto*, 'tis for thy safety too as well as mine,
That I consent ; when wou'd'st go ?

Vill. Soft, Sir, something is first to be consider'd on.

Bran. What's that ? what's that ?

Vill. First tell me, Sir, is there no news of the Ladies ?

Bran. No, no ; neither tale nor tidings.

Vill. Have Signior *Castruccio* nor *Moreno*
Heard nothing neither ?

Bran. Not a syllable ; I have told you all.

Vill. Are not the old Gentlemen much troubled ?
You bear your losses pretty well, Sir.

Bran. I have took on too, that I have,
As much as the best of 'um ; it has made me
Ready to hang my self ; but while my money's left
I shan't part with this world easily ; yet I wou'd give somewhat
More than I'll say, to get my Mistress once again.

Vill. What wou'd you give, Sir ?

Bran. Nay, nothing, unless I were sure to have her,
And then sure she wou'd not run away agen.

Vill. What wou'd you give to marry her ?

Bran. I, I, that's the business that I am to look after ;
I must get some Heirs quickly,
For fear the *Brancadoro's* Race shou'd cease.

Vill.

Vill. That were pity.---- [*Aside.*
 But if I cou'd be instrumental, nay, the only means
 To find your Mistress out, and then marry her to you, what then?

Bran. Why, she may run away afterwards, for ought I know.

Vill. But what if I shou'd put you to bed together? after that
 'Twill bee too late for her to take her flight.

Bran. I marry sir; do this, and Ile give thee twenty Crowns.

Vill. I thought so----You are wondrous bountiful:
 But not to trifle longer, look you, Sir,
 If you sign this for my comfortable subsistence, I'll be gone;
[*He shews a Writing.*

'Tis to secure you in a certain Safety:
 And into the bargain I'll help you to your Mistress;
 You shall wed her, and bed her.

Bran. What is't? let's see.

Vill. There's the Sum, Sir. [*He points in the writing.*
Brancadoro reads it.

Bran. How! Two thousand Crowns a year!
 Ile give two thousand of my Teeth as soon.

Vill. Why then, Sir, take your chance, and I'll take mine:
 I must not starve, nor will I.

Bran. But if thou shoud'st not help me to her.

Vill. Then I'll be gone, and forfeit my reward.

Bran. I wou'd fain have her; but I wou'd fain keep my money:
 But if I don't he'll betray me, or cut my throat;
[*Aside.*
 'Tis a terrible dogged Fellow.

Well, *Villerotto*, I'll think on't; come along, we'll go try
 If we can drive a bargain:----But dost know where she is?

Vill. That I do not tell you; 'tis enough, I'll run the venture.
 Hark you, Sir. [*He whispers.*

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Ha!---'tis he; 'tis *Brancadoro* and his Rascal,
 That did attempt *Cialto's* life: Fortune sure
 Has offer'd them thus fairly to me, to make some use of:
 I hope they know me not; I'll try:
 Save you, Gentlemen;----may it not appear rude to ask you
 If you know one call'd Signior *Brancadoro*?

Bran. Yes, I know him as well as I know my self.

Mir. I have a little business with him, Sir,
 And wou'd be glad to know where I might find him.

Bran. Why, did not I tell you I knew him as well as my self?
 That's as much as to say, I am he, if you mean
 The Honorable *Brancadoro*, Son
 And Heir to *Brancadoro*, who was lately
 The great rich Senator.

Mir. 'Tis he, Sir, I mean, whose known worth

Made it a duty in me to acquaint him
Of a black scandal some wild tongues have cast upon him.

Bran. What's the business? if they talk of me,
I'll make 'em hold their Tongues.

Vill. How's this!

[*Aside.*

Mir. It will deserve your ear, Sir:
The cause that made me knowing of your wrongs,
Such I dare call 'um, was by some discourse
That happen'd of the unfortunate *Cialto's* death;
There 'twas reported, that an idle Fellow,
Who takes on him the title of a Captain,
Gives out that he was hir'd by a Servant of yours
To murder him; and they talk as if the Captain,
And his leud Companions, had been secur'd,
At least search'd after, by the direction of a Friar,
But what Friar I cou'd not hear.

Vill. Plague on that holy Rascal.

[*Aside.*

Bran. Hey, hey, a Friar! what Friar, *Villerotto*?

Vill. Why the devil do you ask me? I know no Friar.
O the damn'd Coxcomb!

[*Aside.*

Mir. They grow concern'd; it works.

[*Aside.*

Bran. *Villerotto*, d' hear? if thou cou'dst be sure to help me
To *Samira*, and then wou'dst be gone into another Country,
I wou'd sign the Writing.

Vill. I'll do it, Sir; nor shall you set your hand too't,
Till I have shew'd you I can do it:---But hark you, Sir,
If you shall then refuse it, I'll betray all.

Bran. Like enough; I must do't.

[*Aside.*

Vill. Ha,---a lucky phancy mingles on the sudden
Among my crouding thoughts; 'tis excellent;
This Friar may be a fit person,---I'll try him.----
Let me see,---'tis right.---If I joyn *Brancadoro* to his Mistress,
That way my Fortune's gain'd; and to be safe,
This Friar shall make *Emilia* mine;
That done, her Friends will ne're endure to see
Her Husband hang'd; though *Brancadoro* share part of the Feast,
Yet by his leave I'll taste both dishes first.---Sir,
Pray give me leave to ask this honest Friar
Some questions in relation to your service.

Bran. With all my heart.

Vill. You cannot tell, Sir, whither these Rascals
Are yet in custody, or not?

Mir. No, Sir.

Vill. Nor cou'd you hear what Friar this is?

Mir. I am almost a stranger in *Sienna*.

Vill. I like that.----

[*Aside.*

You have express'd a great kindness and respect
For my Master *Brancadoro*; possibly, Sir,
I cou'd propose a service you might do him

That

That might deserve a large Reward.

Mir. I shou'd be glad to have that in my power, Sir.

Vill. Perhaps men of your Profession may scruple
To do a thing in private, without the allowance of all Parties.

Mir. What mean you, Sir?

Vill. Hark you, a word in private.

Mir. Let me alone, Sir, to make good the title,
And fit the party ready for possession.

Vil. O happy accident! I am ravish'd with my good fortune.

Mir. What means all this? I'll try the bottom of it. [*Aside.*

Vil. Come, Sir, be chearful, and be confident [*To Brancad.*
In a few hours I'll make you safe and happy.
If your occasions, reverend Sir, permit you
To undertake what I have mention'd to you,
I'll shew you suddenly your Clients.

Mir. I am ready, Sir.

Vill. You must engage to secrecie.

Mir. Upon my holiness.

Vill. Nay, you have forsworn that already in your discourse.

Mir. Upon my life, Sir.

Vill. Come, Sir, to your house then, there you shall see
What I will do in order to my promise.---Sir,
I hope this reverend person shall receive
Rewards proportionable to that service
He is engag'd to do you :---but---
When we come there you must be pleas'd to use
A little patience, till I have brought together
The persons you must tye in sacred Bonds.
I'll on before, Sir. [*Exit Villerotto.*

Mir. I shall observe all you direct.

Bran. What does he mean tro?

Mir. I cannot guess; but I believe 'tis something
In order to your service.

Bran. Nay, 'tis a notable Fellow; and you wou'd say so,
Did you know as much as I:

As cunning as my Mistress is, he'll go near
To hunt her out, let her make as many doubles as she will.

Come, Sir, I'll bid you welcom at my house;
'Tis not the worst in *Sienna*; you shall take a full view of it.

Mir. You oblige me, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Villerotto solus.

Vill. So, now to my Prisoners:
A single Beauty cou'd not have the power
To keep my blood thus at high tide; if one
Permits my veins to find but the least ebb,

The

The Surprisal.

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The other makes 'um rise, and so kept alwayes
Flowing by one or to'thers eyes :

And like my blood, my flames finde no retreat :

-----I must allay my fires,----or waist

In this expence of heat.----Come forth, come forth,

Enter Samira, and Emilia, and Taccola.

My Lady Brides, you shou'd have made such fools

Of men.----'tis not amiss to give you joy.

Sam. What means the Villain?

Em. O give him gentle words, his looks are dreadful.

Sam. Give him Rats-bane.

Em. O speak gently to him! when I was a girle
They us'd to frighten me with such a one.----I tremble.

Sam. Fear not, *Emilia*; the villain dares not wrong us.

Vil. But the villain dares revenge his wrongs.

Sam. Who has injur'd thee?

Vil. He that did it will do so no more,
I can assure you.

Sam. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Why, this Wound, as shallow as it is,
Was fathom'd by *Cialto's* Sword,

Sam. Pish.

Vil. 'Tis true indeed; but I was more bold with him,
And put in farther; he had no time
To make a Will; I doubt he left you nothing.

Sam. What do'st thou mean, screech-Owle?

Vil. Oh, you have no minde to understand;
This 'tis plainly, *Cialto's* dead;
I kill'd him in my own defence.

Sam. Villain thou lye'st, in every thing thou lye'st;
He cou'd do nothing basely; nor could thy power
Reach his generous life.

Vil. Why, in good truth, 'twas he that stir'd my blood,
And made this hole to let it out at; but
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas not deep enough:
I saw his error, and did rectifie it;
I thrust my Sword two or three inches deeper,
And that laid him to rest.

Sam. O heaven protect us.

Vil. Why now you run on that mistake again;
No help can come so quickly as you'l want it.

Tac. Thou dost not mean to ravish us, dost thou, Varlet?

Vil. Us! canst thou be ravish'd, old willingness?

Tac. How do you know Jackanapes,
Whether I am willing or no? you never try'd yet.

Vil. Nor ever will: This she devil will ravish me.
Be quiet, or I'll slit your tongue; d'see this.

[*He shews a Dagger.*

Sam. O

H

Sam. O for some help ! I'll tear the Villain.

Em. Peace, pray peace, let me beg again ;
Good Sir let's go, why do you fright us so ?
You dare not be so wicked as you talk.

Vill. Pretty ; their different tempers bring to my enjoyment
Variety of bliss ; in her embraces
I shall enjoy a calm, and childish innocence ;
In th'other, loftiness of minde, and spirit,
As if kinde nature had presented now
All that she cou'd produce for me to rifle.

Emil. Do you not hear me Sir ? I pray release us :
You have no cause to keep us prisoners ;
Yet we will pay a ranfome.

Vill. Why, so you shall before you go,
Pretty one : is't more unjust for you to be my Prisoners,
Then me to be your Slave ?

Sam. Our Slave !

Vil. Nay, put not on a scornful look ;
I shall not beg your pitty.

Em. But we are willing to beg yours, good gentle Sir.

Sam. Beg not so meanly, he dares not injure us.

Vil. O, by no means ; why that Frown ?
Those storms shall cast away no heart of mine ;
I'll force my way to harbour in your armes.

Sam. What do you mean ?

Vil. I mean to make my self as fortunate
As man can be in his full crown'd wishes ;
I will enjoy you both.

Tac. Which two d'you mean ?

Vil. Pox on thee, wou'dst thou be one ?-----
Nay wonder not, nor bless your selves, unless
It be in admiration of my justice,
Shew'd to the equal power of your beauties ;
You may see the image of it every day ;
'Tis in the labouring Bee, that gathers sweetness
From every Flower that contends in beauty.

Tac. By that simile he should go near
To venture on us all.

Sam. Monster, dar'st thou entertain a thought of such a villany ?

Vil. Alas, 'tis past that, I am almost ready for action ;
Yet for all that you shall be honest women
When I have done.

Em. For heavens sake, Sir, what mean these dark expressions ?
I hope they include no evil.

Vill. Not any ; perhaps you may scruple it
A little at the first ; but I'll allow you
Some small time to consider on't :
What an excellent contrivance 'twill be !

The Surprisal.

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You shall have all Love's stolen and sweetest Joyes,
And yet be honest ; come prepare.

Sam. For what ?

Vill. For my embraces.

Sam. For those of Snakes first.

Vill. O, mine are gentler far.

Sam. Villain, thou ———

Emil. Pray peace, and let me beg once more,
Upon my knees ; pray Sir do not affright us,
I know you cannot mean the thing you threaten ;
You are too wise, by our unhappiness
To bring on your own ruine.

Vill. Ha, ha, why you will not publish your own shame ;
This will not do ; no, if I were sure
That death waited for me, as soon as I had crown'd
My passion and revenge, I wou'd think it
A good bargain, to chop a little time for so much satisfaction.

Sam. Be merciful, and kill us.

Vill. That's to be cruel to my self----but I trifle time,
A little business calls me ; be wise, and meet
My embraces willingly ; if not, know your doom ;
For by those powers that govern me, Love and Revenge,
I'll sacrifice both your enjoyments to them,----
So ponder till I return.

[Exit Villerotto.]

Em. Ah Madam, what shall we do ?

Sam. Dye, Emilia.

Em. When Madam ?

Sam. Presently.

Em. Alas, I tremble at your naming it.

Sam. Why do you shake ? you must dye one day ?

Em. I know it, by that time I may be willing ;
Old age, or a Disease may make it welcome,
At least more gentle, then it now appears
By an approaching violence-----but----

Sam. O rather with a juster apprehension
Recount the lingering Torments a Sickness
Or old Age may bring on ; a violent Feaver
May make the body a furnace for the soul
To suffer, not to live in ; or old Age
May take away our reason, and the use of sense and faculties,
And rob the body and soul both of their eyes : this way
A minutes pain assures felicity for ever.

Em. Which way shou'd we do it ?

Sam. See, this I had still about me in all my fears *She draws*
Of being forc'd to be made *Brancadoro* *a short Dagger.*
Why do you wink ? the brightness of it shines
Most lovely in my eyes, when I but think
What service it may do in sending us

H 2

To

To a perpetual peace.

Emil. Can a soul be carried through a stream of Blood,
To peace in to'ther world? is't not a Sin to destroy life?

Sam. 'Tis to avoid a greater sin we do it :
Dare you, nay, can you live stain'd with this----
I tremble more to name or think on that,
Then on the death that will prevent it.
But I have given you my opinion,
And will afford you my example :
If you stay behinde me you will repent,
Among those miseries that I am freed from.

Emil. Oh ! do not speak of leaving me behinde you,
To the rude passions of this horrid villain ;
I know not how to live without you,
Nor dye, but as you teach me ;
Pray blame me not, nor take it ill of me :
Sick men, though they are told, and do believe
That health is offer'd in a bitter potion,
Shrink at the taking of it ; 'tis no more in me :
I know, at last I shall chuse death, rather then shame ;
-----Yet I know not how I shall endure to hurt my self,
I have cryed when I have but cut my Finger.

Sam. That only was, because 'twas unexpected ;
Your resolution now for a just cause
Will make this welcome, and prepare you for it.

Emil. I fear I shall hardly strike home,-----
Then I may suffer all that shame and mischief
I would avoid ; pray therefore grant me one thing.

Sam. What is't ?

Em. To kill me first.

Sam. That were to commit murder.

Em. Why, have a better title to your own life,
Then unto mine; you purchas'd one no more
Then you did'tother ; there is no contract, or permission,
Granted from Heaven, that allows the difference.

Sam. But alas, my sweet *Emilia*,
I never shall endure to hurt thee.

Em. Nor your self neither, did not that vertue prompt you
Which bids me beg it, and then the Argument's the same for me.

Sam. Pretty reason'd; but it will be needless
To dispute this; I know my fair example,
In dying first, will arme thy feeble hand,
With double strength, to force a passage
For thy unstained soul to fly with mine,
Where every thing is in perpetual lustre.

Em. Shall we know one another there ?

Sam. No question of it, else this bad world
In something might exceed the best.

Em. You

Emil. You have confirm'd me, Madam, pray forgive
My simple, if not unbeseeming fears ;
'Twas no dispute my vertue did admit of,
But a confusion brought upon me suddenly,
By nature, and still flattering hope, reasons, and vertues enemies.
Come dear *Emilia*, we'l prepare our selves,
And make the circumstances of our death
Familiar to us ; for 'tis practice only
Takes the sharp nature off from things,
And gives them new ones, that at the last
We shall be so much strangers to the thoughts
Or the desires of life, that all will seem
Already done, which we resolve to try,
And we shall both seem dead before we dye.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Cialto solus.

Cial. **W**Hy do I still pursue, what still must fly,
And what I dare not wish to overtake ?
It seems like the pursuit of night, which follows day
In the same track, and yet can never reach it ;
That distance nature did for them decree,
And honour has design'd the same for me :
Yet still there is a mutiny within
Against those Laws which honour strictly makes ;
And passion like a cunning Traitor sets
The name of liberty on its own Rebellion.

Enter Baptista, Montalto, and his two Companions.

Bap. Sir.

Cia. Ha, *Baptista* !

Bap. A word, Sir, in your ear----My Master, Sir, by chance
Has lighted on the Villains that attempted you ;
He thought it fit that you shou'd first examine 'um,
As Kinsman to your self, and to that end
Has sent them to you ; farther, he bid me tell you
That in a little time you will perceive
You wrong'd him in your thoughts.

Cia. Prethee say no more ;
My thoughts have so much disproportion in them,
That they are neither just nor equal unto my self, or him ;
Has he not sent his pardon by thee ?

Bap. He can take nothing ill of you Sir,

Per-

Perhaps he did admire a little.

Cia. He is a perfect friend, and can love one
Whose Minde is lost, as well as Fortunes.

-----Now Gentlemen have you received your wages ?

Mon. For what, Sir ?

Cia. For killing my Kinsman *Cialto*.

Mon. We hope he is not dead.

Cia. D'you hope so, rascals ; come confess
Every circumstance, how it was done,
And who hir'd you to't ; if you miss a tittle----or----

Mon. This Gentleman told us,
If we did confess, we shou'd not suffer.

Cia. Well, if you do it truly, and afterwards
Perform all I enjoyn you, I will make good his word :
Come, who hir'd you ?

Mon. It was an ill minded man, Sir,
One that belong'd to Signior *Brancadore* .

Cia. Was it his Masters instruction ?

Mon. I, no doubt on't, Sir.

Cia. Did he say so ?

Mon. Yes, and more too.

Cia. What more ?

Mon. Why, he told us, it was an honourable action,
And therefore wou'd share in't himself ;
And accordingly he said his Master shou'd reward us.

Cia. You know him when you see him ?

Mon. Yes, yes, Sir.

I Com. Good Sir, let us not suffer, we have your word.

Cial. Trust to it ; have you any more to say ?

Mon. Nothing Sir, of any consequence.

Cia. Well, what trivial thing have you ?

Mon. When we were waiting Sir,
For that worthy and unhappy Gentleman *Cialto*,
A couple of silly women by chance came by, and the rascal
Snatch'd them up too ; all was fish that came to his net.

Cia. How, Women ? what Women ? speak, quickly, ha----

Mon. Why does your worship grow angry ?

Cio. Speak Dogs, what Women ?

Mon. What a rogue was I to name them,
'Slid, 'tis he himself.

[*Aside.*

I Com. You must be over-doing it.

Mon. Plague on you, did not you advise to tell all ?
Nay, more then all if need were ?

Cia. It may be it was *Samira* and *Emilia*: rogues, what women ?

Mon. Good Sir, we know not ;
But he talk'd of their running away
Upon their Wedding day, !
And took them, as he said, upon suspicion

The Surprisal.

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Of murdering his master *Brancadoro*.

Cia. It must be they, the circumstance assures it.
O you dogs, did you help take them! I'll send
Your mischievous souls to that devil that instructs them.

Mon. O good Sir, we hope you are the Gentleman,
And there's no hurt done, O good Sir.

I Com. Remember your promise, Sir.

Mon. We have more to confess Sir;
Or if you please, we'll unconfess it all again.

Cia. I had forgot to ask, what did the slave do with them?

Mon. He sent them prisoners to his masters house, as we think.

Cia. O heavens! Rogues, Prisoners! come along with me;
For if I finde you tell me any lyes,
I'll spoil your throats from venting any more.
Come good *Baptista*, help guard the Rascals;
If they but offer to stir, kill 'um.
I'll carry back to the slaves heart
All these intended mischiefs,
And break upon them like a whirle-winde,
Wrapping them up together into nothing. [Exeunt hastily.

SCENE II.

Enter Samira and Emilia.

Sam. Come, come, *Emilia*, dry those tender eyes,
We are not going to be miserable,
But to be safe from miseries.

Em. Wou'd it were past; I am willing to reach
My journeyes end; yet I start like one
That travels in the night, in unknown wayes;
For we must through darkness,
Wander in places, from whence none that went
Ever return'd to tell us what they were.

Sam. O do not shake thy vertuous resolution
With feeble apprehensions; 'tis a journey
That we must one day take: All the dispute
Which can be rais'd is only from the loss
Of some uncertain time, which yet perhaps
May prove so full of miseries, you'd wish
That Fate which now you wou'd so much decline.

Em. My resolution's firm; for all my shakings
They are but starts which sometimes nature makes;
As Wolves kept tame may now and then
Provok't by appetite, or some displeasure,
Start into actions like their usual wildness,
Before they were reduc'd to an obedience;
So 'tis with me, though I have brought my nature

To

To a tameness, and submission :

Yet at the unwelcome prospect that it takes
Of my intended dissolution.-----

It starts within me, and wou'd fain break

Those severe Fetters, Vertue and Reason tyes them up with.

Sam. Here take thy choice then; *[She shews a Knife
and a Dagger.]*
This knife by chance

Taccolla had about her : which will you have ?

Em. The Dagger, if you please ; that seems the sharpest,
And will be best for my weak hand.

Sam. Nay do not weep that we shall dye ;
But smile to think how we shall live in Fame.

Em. I must weep, since I must part with you.

Sam. We shall meet again so quickly,
Thy tears will be but thrown away :-----
Now hide that fatal friend unto thy honour,
And when I strike, strike too, that we may fall
In one anothers armes, and go to rest together.

-----See, the Monster comes, be resolute.

Em. Fear me not.

[Enter Villerotto.]

Vil. How fare my beauteous prisoners ? what is't,
Sadness, or modesty that fixeth thus
Your down-cast eyes ? come, come, I'll be more ingenuous,
And acknowledge the happiness I shall enjoy ;
But you must be bashful ; go in, go in,
And there I'll hide your blushes, that if you please,
You shall unseen blush that you were unwilling.

Sam. Sure thou canst not be such a prodigious Monster ;
Hast thou neither fear of earthly punishment,
Nor heavens vengeance ?

Vil. Pish, I'll not trifle, nor defer my joyes

[They draw their Dagger and Knife.]

A minute longer : Thus, I'll force you two-----how!-----

Sam. Are you amaz'd ? were you so unacquainted
With all good, nay, with any thought of it,
That you could never think there might be women
That wou'd prefer their death before dishonour ?

Vil. Indeed I have read of a foolish *Lucrece* ;
But I believe the story otherwise
Then perhaps you may do ; yet if you have
A minde to imitate that wilful Matron,
Kill your selves as she did, when you know what was done.

Sam. Stop thy lewd breath, thou Monster ;
We need not to be told when we shou'd dye,
We are prepar'd, but not as your damn'd tongue
Directed us.

Vil. And this you think will stop me ;
No, your Romance trick will not do :

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I know you dare not venture to hurt your selves ;
And therefore---thus---

Sam. Strike *Emilia*, strike home be sure.

Vill. Hold excellent Ladies, hold ;
Pardon my cruel curiosity, that led me
To make this tryal of you ; you have shew'd
There is a vertue, which I thought impossible
To live with women ; I have call'd back to me
The opinion of your Sexes stedfast goodness,
Which has been so long banished from me.

Em. Can this be real !

Vill. You see it must be so ; 'tis no faint repentance,
Charm'd from your tears, or sad expressions,
Which might be feign'd in women ; but my conversion
Comes from the real knowledge of a vertue
That wou'd have shook mans faith to think in woman.

Sam. This amazes me.

Vill. Why do you wonder ? is't not possible
A man may once grow good ? why do you mistrust ?
Are you not in my power still ? take heed, fair Saints,
Of sharing any guilt, that seems like mine,
So slowly to believe goodness in man,
As I have done in woman : you know what virtue is ;
I scarce knew it till you taught it me ;
And you will be more guilty then I was,
If you believe as slowly as I did.

Em. Sure 'tis real ?

Vill. You then will know it, when I have restor'd
You to your liberty, as you have done
Me to my long-lost goodness.

Sam. If this be real, we shall believe our selves
As much preserv'd by you, as if another
Had been the intended ravisher ; for 'tis greater
Virtue to rescue us thus from your self,
Then from another ; as much as 'tis harder
To overcome our passions, then an enemy :

Vill. I glory much in that high character
You raise me to ; pray give me leave to seal
My pardon on your fair hands ? nay, permit

[They offer their left hands.]

My most ambitious lips to receive it
Upon those noble hands that were to write
The horrid Tragedy, with your vertuous Blood.

Sam. Ha, deceived ?

[He offers to kiss their right hands,

Em. Ah me ?

and so snatches away their weapons.]

Vill. I can't but laugh to think how we have couzen'd
One another ; did you believe I was turn'd virtuous ?
Troth I never thought you were so foolish to be so really.

I

Sam. Dost

Sam. Dost thou take pains to appear Devil?

Vill. No, not at all; I do it easily:

The truth on't is, I fear'd you might have acted
Some pretty odde phantastical Scene,
Perhaps to let a little blood out, and then
Talk finely, whilst the purple drops distill'd;
Calling your selves, your Virtues Martyrs;
Then, in a tone most neatly counterfeited,
Fall into high notions of meeting in *Elysium*,
And walking in perpetual springing Groves,
Or some strange imagin'd pleasure;
Perhaps all the while believe as much as I:
But by this means you might have lost some of that blood,
Which I have so much use of for to stir you.

Sam. Monster, devil, wilt thou not permit us a way to dye?

Em. Kill us, Sir, and yet we will believe you gentle.

Vill. After I have done, you may do what you please.

----Come.----

Sam. Help, help.

[Enter Taccola.

Tac. Help, help.

Vill. Plague of this clap of thunder;
I'll dispose of you,
And spoil the spring of your chops.

[Exit with Taccola.

Em. Some help, good heaven.

Sam. Let's stop our breaths,
Or tear the devils throat out.

Em. No help left us!

[Enter Villerotto.

Vill. Who shou'd help you? I have gag'd
Your foul mouth'd hound, she can fill up the cry no more:
Yield quietly, or i'll drag you----thus----

Sam. Emil. Help, help, murder, murder!

[They bustle.

[Enter Miranzo.

Mir. What noise is this; blast me! are my eyes true?
Or is that blessed shape ever before them?
It was their cries.

Hold, what's the matter?

Vill. Ha, who wanted your sacred company
Before your time.

Mir. I heard a noise, Sir, and I did not know
Whether you might not be in danger.

Vill. You see I am not;
Wait where I told you, till I send for you.

Mir. Then 'twas the Ladies, Sir, cry'd out, it seems.

Vill. What then?
Is it a usual call for you when women squeak?

Sam. O Sir, for heavens sake help us: we shall be----

Vill. Stop your mouth, or i'll stop it for you.

[Draws.

Mir. Good

Mir. Good Sir, use no violence; perchance the Ladyes
May be a little frightned from reason,
If you but give them time.

Sam. O heaven! are all men ill? under that habit
Can there be hid the love of sin?

Vill. Well, be gone;
I want not your advice, nor your assistance yet.

Mir. If you please Sir, I will endeavour to perswade them:
I can prove that necessity may excuse many things,
That wou'd be sinful, uncompell'd---if you please, Sir.

Vill. No, no, be gone; you grow impertinent.

Mir. But if you please Sir, to hearken to my opinion.

Vill. Hang your opinion;
I do not like this fellow; I'll trust him no more.
Ha,---what noise is this.

[A noise.

[Brancadoro calls Villerotto and enters.

Mir. A seasonable interruption.

Bra. Villerotto, why where have you been man?
I have been looking you up and down all the house:
Here's *Bottolo* come from his Master,
And has strange news for me, he says:
I told him I car'd not a farthing what 'twas.
----But for all that, I wonder what it should be?
----How now, what here *Villerotto*?
Ha----hast got her? hast got her i' faith? prethee let me----

Vill. You had best spoil all Sir, and destroy
The pains I have taken for you?

Bra. Nay, prethee, I will but----

Vill. Come, you shall not But; have not I been careful,
And dare you not trust me now? Come along with me.

Bra. What, I must salute her first man, in good manners.

Vill. You must not, 'tis unseasonable;
I have not wrought her yet enough----Nay.----

Bra. But why thy Sword drawn man?

Vill. You shall know the reason suddenly:
Come, be quiet, and I'll perform all I promis'd.
----Hell---how I am troubled with him: Come Sir.

Bra. Push me no pushes; I will not go;
And see who dares make me.

Vill. Come, you must Sir.

Bra. 'Slid. whose master? you or I? take heed of my fury.

Sam. Good Signior *Brancadoro*, help us; hear us.

Vill. To be fool'd again;
You have not a minde to be couzen'd
Once more, have you?

Bra. What's that to you? I will hear 'um.

'Slid, I will stay, and I will not go yet.

Vill. I'll betray all, if you play the fool thus:

Come, you must go now; *Bottolo* stays for you.

Bra. I will not, I say.

Vil. Go, go.

Mir. I'll follow him, and get some help.

[*Exit Brancadore. The Friar offers to go out too.*

Vil. Hold Sir, you my worthy spiritual counsellor;
Stir not, nor attempt to come near the door;
If you do—no more but so:
Within there, ho!—You Rascals, how came this Friar in?

[*2 Appear.*

1. He told us you appointed him when he heard a noise,
That he should come.

Vil. Pox on your credulous coxcombs; now remember
You hear me say, if he offers to come out, let me
Find him dead: Stir not, but guard the door;
He has robb'd our Masters:—If you fail, I'll cut your throats.

[*Exit Villerotto.*

Mir. Yet I am pleas'd that I am brought to dye before her.

[*Aside.*

That with my last breath,
Which seldom unsuccessfully petitions,
I may at once beg of the fair, and wrong'd *Emilia*
Forgiveness, and belief;—yet I wou'd know
A little more, if it were possible.

My passion makes me vainly inquisitive.

I must do't; yet it is but an idle curiosity

To ask for news the minute I must dye.

Sam. What means this Friar; does that habit harbour
An instrument fitted for that vile Monster?

Mir. Was there not a great noise Ladies,
Something like womens cries?

Sam. They were our cries, Sir.

Sam. If you cannot help us to live with honour,

Help us to dye; we had two Weapons:

Arme us but again, he has yet not disarm'd our minds.

Mir. Wou'd I knew how; wou'd you accept it

As a true witness of my sorrow, if I dye first

In the opposing that mischief I know not which way to prevent?

Em. Ah me, we do not ask of you to dye,
But to help death to us.

Mir. 'Tis impossible.

Sam. Strangle us then. Why do you turn away your tread?
It is a charity to grant it.

Mir. Alas, I need not say I must deny; you will believe it
When I let you know you ask it of *Miranzo*.

[*He discovers himself.*

Em. *Miranzo*!

Sam. My Brother!

Mir. Fair

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Mir. Fair *Emilia*, 'tis the criminal *Miranzo*,
That loves *Emilia* still.

Em. O *Miranzo*! I blush to think how you increase
My sence of dangers, while you are mingled with 'um.

Mir. I see I am to blame in all conditions,
To wish your kindeness; I but strive to nourish
A sickness that sends infection to your peace.

Em. What must become of us?

Mir. Thus naked as I am, I will defend you;
And with my breast I'll dull his Sword, perhaps his cruelty:

Emil. O do not talk more cruelly; Death is gentler,
Which you may help us too.

Sam. Ah brother, be not so rash, do not deceive your self;
A thousand lives lost in our defence
Would not give stop to his lewd purposes:
Heaven sure will send some remedy. O brother! O *Cialto*!

Mir. Forgive me dearest Sister, I had forgot
To tell you, *Cialto* lives; though this villain was one
Of them that did attempt his Murder.

Sam. O do not flatter me, for I shall grow
As much out of love with death, as even now
I was with life.----Is there no hope?

Mir. The villain has appointed them to murder me,
If I attempt but to go forth.----Ha,---
Now I think on't, it was the Friar
He gave them charge of: I am none; I'll try
If they will let me out; so I may call
Some help.

[He takes up his
Disguise.]

Em. O take heed!

Mir. 'Tis but attempting.---But first
I'll set the Friar in the best posture I can.
Here Sister, support my shape a little,
To countenance my design;---nay, no trifling---

[He sets his Habit on his Sister.]

So---now to your prayers,---within there, ho:---

1. How now, who are you?

Mir. A friend of *Villeratto's*, who left me to
Stay a little while for your assistance:
Now I am going, have the greater care
Of the Friar there; he may venture to escape,
For he has robb'd your master.

1. We warrant you: Sir Friar, you had not best try to bolt.

[Miranzo goes out, and returns back suddenly.]

Mir. I have done ill, I dare not venture
Them a minute; honour and reason turn me back----
Blest opportunity,---Rogue----

[He strikes up one of their bees, to their fight a little, and
runs out with a noise; he gets a Sword from one of them.]

1. H

1 How now, what do you mean Sir ?
Help help.

Mir. So, I have something now to frame an argument
For my self with, and to dispute a little.

Em. Now you may kill us ; you have got a Sword.

Mir. Dear *Emilia*, do you believe, I know not how

[*Emilia weeps.*

To make a better use of such a Weapon ?

----Pray weep not, do not unman me now.

Hark, a noise.

[*Enter Villerotto with him that run out, and another.*

Vill. Ha, *Miranzo*, are you metamorphosed from a Friar ?

Mir. Do you stare Monster ? is a Sword bright mettal ?

The mirror that can onely shew

Th' affrighting shapes of thy unheard of villanies.

Vill. Alas, I have not been afraid a long time ;

I have forgot what 'tis.----Hark, a noise---

[*A noise within.*

Dispatch him quickly, you shall tell no news Sir.

----Ha, who is this new face for ?

[*Enter Cialto.*

Cia. This shall tell thee Villain.

[*They offer to fight.*

Mir. Hold---

[*Miranzo drives out the two men,
comes back, and parts them.*

Cia. *Miranzo*, rob me not of that revenge,
Which only can belong to me.

----Hark, a noise,---guard the passage, or we may all be lost.

[*A noise still.*

Nay, trifle not ;---hark, the noise increases, dispatch.

---Now Sir, do you stare to see *Cialto*,

Whom you hir'd Rogues to murder ?

[*Exit. Miran.*

Vill. I do not stare, nor am I frightned :

What, y'are not dead it seems ?

Sam. O *Cialto* !

Cia. Ha, since thou hast given me cause
To view thee with a strickt survey, my eyes
Are grown clear sighted,
And finde thee not the villain which thou seem'st,
But what thou art ; the base *Borazzo*.

Vill. 'Tis well, we know one another then.

Cia. Excellent rascal, has your hot revenge
Been rak't up all this while ?

Vill. Couldst thou expect less from me, whom thou hast disgrac't
And ruin'd, by cashiering me from my command ?

Cia. And what canst thou expect, villain,
But that fate thou didst design for me ?

Vill. My Sword sayes no.

Sam. Hold, hold, I command you hold *Cialto* :
Hold, Sir, I will enage for your forgiveness.

Vill. My

Vill. My forgiveness! this is my Indempnity.

Cial. Do not hang upon me, unless you mean
To have me murder'd in your Arms.

Vill. Nay, I think I may drive this through your Shield.

Cial. For heavens sake let me go.

Sam. And heaven protect you. [*They fight, Villerotto falls.*]

Cial. Now, Sir, what think you?

Vill. That I shall presently be quiet, and think no more.
Help, help.

Cial. 'Tis vain to call, no man has Charity

Left for thee; trouble not thy throat,

Unless thou hast some Divil to call upon. [*Enter Miranzo.*]

Mir. Let me embrace my dear *Cialto*,
For whom still ready Victory spreads her wings,
When e're his wav'd Sword gives her but the sign.

Cial. Can *Miranzo* forgive all those distracted Jealousies
My miseries begot within me?

Mir. You injure me to ask it; go dry *Samira's* eyes.

Cial. I dare not now approach you, fair *Samira*,
But as I wou'd those Powers (I durst not hope to reach
With any thing but Prayers :) Permit me to receive forgiveness.

Sam. For what?

Cial. For pursuing you with all my miseries.

Sam. If you lov'd me as well as you profess,
My kindness wou'd infuse such joy into you,
As wou'd admit no sense of your misfortunes.

Cannot my Love and Passion for you,
Have as much power as a little Sleep,
To render you insensible of miseries,
To which you only give afflicting natures?

Cial. Fool that I was, to think that I cou'd be wretched,
Whilst you were kind; forgive me, dear *Samira*:
Permit me, fair *Emilia*, to kiss your hands too.

Emil. Generous Sir, I owe an equal obligation to you.

Enter Brancadoro.

Cial. Now spare me a minute.

Sam. What means he?

Mir. I know not.

Cial. Signior *Brancadoro*, I think *Miranzo* told me once,
You did engage to fight with me.

Mir. Now I guess; peace, this will be good sport.

Bran. I, that was when I was married to *Samira*;
But not else.

Cial. Wou'd marriage make you valiant?

Bran. When I have try'd, you shall know my mind.

Cial. By no means, Signior; I shall forbid the Banes:

But I must have your answer now ; look ye,
Here are two Swords, take your choice.

Sam. What does he mean ?

Mir. Nay, stand still.

Cial. Here, Sir.

Bran. 'Tis neither here nor there, Sir ; I'll not fight
With any man that has a less Estate
Then my self ; such a one ventures nothing.

Cial. Troth, you will hardly fight then.

Bran. Why, what care I ; if there be no body fit
To fight with me---- I hope they know nothing yet. [*Aside.*

Cial. But, Sir, as I remember, you have something
Did once belong to me ; are you not weary of it ?

Bran. It's no matter whether I am or no.

Cial. Pray let me hav't again.

Bran. So you shall, when I have nothing else to do with it.

Cial. You are severe, Sir ; I will assign you your money
That you lent, to receive it of the Senate.

Bran. No, do't your self, Sir.

Cial. I'll fetch others to perswade you :

Miranzo, pray look to the rich Gentleman. [*Cialto goes out.*

Sam. What is the meaning of all this ?

Mir. I guess now, you'll perceive all presently.

Vill. Oh !

Mir. How is it ?

Vill. Too well ; I have life enough to spend in curses.

Mir. O Devil !

Emil. He makes me tremble still.

Enter Cialto and Baptista, with Montalto and his 2 Companions.

Cial. Now, my most wealthy Signior, do you know
These Gentlemen ?

Bran. Not I ; 'tis not likely that I shou'd be acquainted
With such Ragamuffians.

Cial. Do you know them, angry Sir ?

Vill. Yes, I know them to be rascally Cowards ;
Ten such wou'd not venture to cut one throat.

Cial. Why, you need not be angry ;
They have not had their full hire.

Vill. They deserv'd none, they did not do their business.

Bran. I know the Rogues now : [*He whispers.*
Why *Villerotto*, thou wilt not betray me, I hope.

Cial. What was that business they shou'd have done ?

Vill. Why, cut your throat.

Cial. Brave Villain ! D' you see, Signior ?
These were your Pensioners ; the confidence it seems
Of their performances, made you so bold,
To promise when you were married to fight with me ;

That

That was, after I was dead, as you believ'd.
But now, Sir, the Hangman shall end our quarrel.

Bran. Good Sir, speak softly; I vow, that Villain perswaded me,
And told me I should never keep my Land
In quiet else, nor ever have my Mistress.

Mir. Compound, Signior; 'tis your best way.

Cial. What say you, noble Undertakers?

Mon. Why Sir, we must confess-----

Bran. 'Tis needless, Sir, 'tis needless; I will do any thing.

Mir. Offer him his Estate again; you are rich enough besides;
You'll cheat somebody else in a little while of as much more.

Bran. No, Sir, I am not wise enough to do't;
My Father's gone, peace be with him; he perhaps
Might have given a say to some such matter.

Mir. Are you willing? you may hang else.

Bran. No, I can't indure that I'm sure, nor hardly th'other.

Mir. Come, *Cialto*; Signior *Brancadoro*,
So he may have your Friendship, is content.

Cial. What to do?

Mir. To restore your Estate again.

Cial. Well, I love peace; he shall have an Assignment
To receive his money from the Senate.

Bran. That I shall never get; but I must consent.

Mir. Fear not, Signior; you have the publick Faith for't.

Cial. Now, *Samira*, I can forgive my self, if I presume
With my restor'd Fortunes too.

Sam. Take heed, Sir; for if you name it,
That generous cause that forc'd me to declare
I lov'd you, will urge me to despise you.

Cial. I am charm'd.

Bran. I hope, noble Signior, you will forgive *Villerotto* too.

Cial. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not *Villerotto*;

'Tis *Borazzo*, an ancient Friend of mine.

Mir. Pray forgive him, Sir; he may repent.

Vil. Yes, I do repent.

Mir. That's well said; of what?

Vil. Why, that I did not rifle those Treasuries,

And leave you nothing to enjoy, but what

I feel, the torments of a vexed Soul:

I shou'd have fitted them for your Embraces,

And wou'd have taken care you shou'd have known it.

Mir. Bold impudent dog.

Cial. He was still furnish'd with too great a Courage;
So much boldness was not fit to have been trusted
But in a frame where it was ballanc'd with much Virtue.

Mir. Come, we'll force him to be good.

Vil. I think it must be forc'd.

Mir. He will die snarling.

Vil. I wou'd die biting.

Bran. Wou'd he had been hang'd before he bit me.

Mir. Here, come hither, you that were once his Creatures ;
Take him up, that he may be deliver'd from us,
Into the hands of the severest Justice.

Vil. Do you believe my Spirit will endure
Tamely to wait upon a formal Sentence,
And stay till you shall force it out of doors ?
No, I will tear these wounds so wide,
I'll make it room enough to go, if it be willing.

Enter Bottolo, after him Castruccio and Moreno.

Cial. Away with him.

Bot. What, no body to be found in the house ?----
Hey day, what's gather'd together !
My Master ! my Mistrefs !

Mir. See, *Emilia*, your Father, and my Uncle.

Bran. Gentlemen, no words ; you remember our bargain.

Cial. Doubt us not.

Emil. O my dear Father, are you still
As ready to forgive me as you were wont ?

Mor. If I were angry, the sight of thee
Wou'd bring a joy enough to force it from me.

Mir. Your pardon, Uncle, joyn'd to this, will make
Me and *Emilia* happy.

Cast. Is't so ? was this the trick on't ? Well, well,
What must be, must be ; I am friends, Nephew ;
I was partly in the fault my self ; I dare swear
I made thee half in love, with praising her.
Well,----I am glad all troubles are at an end :
But she shall still be so much mine,
That I may give her to thee.

Emil. You honour me, to own a Title in me.

Sam. One pardon more, Sir, for me, that in
No other thing will ever disobey you.

Cast. What say you, Signior *Brancadoro* ?

Bran. I say any thing, Sir.----God's my life,
I can scarce hold from crying.

Cial. Many things, Sir, may seem strange to you ;
But you shall know it all at better leisure.

Mor. Come, no more ; but let forgiveness
Dwell in every breast : Back to the Nuptials now again ;
This will scarce seem an interruption :
Come, let's away ; our Meat is hardly cold yet.

Cial. The God of Love, if he can borrow Eyes,
Will be more pleas'd with this new Sacrifice ;
Since by that change which he himself has made,
Equal Hearts are on his Altar laid.

[*Exennt.*]



